# MISCELLANIES

IN

# PROSE AND VERSE,

MOSTLY WRITTEN IN THE

## EPISTOLARY STYLE:

CHIEFLY UPON

# MORAL SUBJECTS,

And particularly calculated for the Improvement of

# YOUNGER MINDS.

By MRS. M. DEVERELL,
GLOCESTERSHIRE.

VOL. II.

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# CONTENTS

## OF THE

## SECOND VOLUME.


Page

TO VICTORIA: Two Letters, on Heroiſm in Female Virtue - - - 1

To the SAME: On the Fortitude of Roman Characters - - - - - 29

On the Friendſhip between two Ladies - 45

To CANDIDUS: In anſwer to his Encomiums on learned and good Ladies - 47

To the SAME: On the ſame - - 58

An Epiſtle to a DIVINE, on the united Merits of the *Pen* and *Needle*, &c. - - - 91

Engliſh Liberty: A Song - - 97

To SATIRUS: On the Motives to Happineſs, or Unhappineſs in Marriage - - 100

The Inconſtancy of MAN, &c. &c. - 127

Advice to a Reverend CLERIC - 129

To BENEVOLUS: With a Turkey, &c. &c. - 131


An

# CONTENTS.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| An Addreſs to Mrs. WRIGHT, &c. &c. - | 149 |
| To SOPHIA: On the Education of a Daughter, &c. | 153 |
| An Epiſtle to CLEMIRA: A Lady of fourteen Years of Age - - - - | 171 |
| The Progreſs of Life, by ARDELIA - | 174 |
| To an INFANT of a Month old, &c. &c. - | 177 |
| To SUETONIUS: On Sincerity - | 182 |
| Ode to TRUTH, by MASON - - | 205 |
| An Epiſtle to a PHYSICAL DIVINE - | 208 |
| An Epiſtle to CARLOS: On the Uſe, and Abuſe of Writing - - - - - | 214 |
| To PHILANTHROPUS: On Benevolence and Duty to Strangers - - - - - | 217 |
| To the SAME: On the Advantages of Travelling | 239 |
| An Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Mr. PARRY | 260 |
| An Epigram on the Paintings of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS - - - - | 266 |
| A Character of W. H. W. Eſq; by a LADY - | 267 |
| On reading the Poems of PHILLIS WHEATLEY | 268 |
| Lines addreſt to a little Girl, &c. - | 269 |
| To CURIUS: With a Selection of monumental Inſcriptions, &c. &c. - - | 270 |


TO

TO

# VICTORIA:

## ON HEROISM IN FEMALE VIRTUE.

### LETTER I.

NOTHING can give me a more exquiſite ſenſe of pain and pleaſure, than the communications of your laſt epiſtle. The confidence you ſeem to repoſe in my friendſhip, ſhall not be miſplaced: Without flattery, I may ſay, I have a ſacred regard for your welfare, and ſincerely congratulate you on your late conduct. I muſt be void of ſenſibility, if I did not feel myſelf much concerned for thoſe occaſions, which have called forth ſuch true heroiſm in VICTORIA.

If difficult ſituations enhances the merit of common actions, how much are you exalted above the generality of our ſex, by your

magnanimous behaviour to your abandoned lover? Lover, did I ſay? Falſe appellation! for ſurely the inſtigation of a lawleſs paſſion deſerve not ſo pure a name. Fear not, my charming friend, your ſinking in my opinion, by diſcovering the real cauſe of your late gloom, and declining all farther viſits at a certain *houſe*, which has appeared myſterious to many of your acquaintance. The reaſon for the latter is juſt and noble, and you are greatly riſen in my eſteem for perſevering in ſuch a well-formed reſolution. I pity, from my heart, your perplexed circumſtances, at the ſame time that I greatly admire your tender, yet heroic bravery.—Engaged as you were by all the endearing ties of ſocial friendſhip, and honoured with the greateſt intimacy and confidence from the wife of your apoſtate friend, what conflicts muſt not your delicacy and rectitude have had to ſtruggle with, to keep up a dignity of uniform reſentment, to the wretch who dared to offer an inſult to your modeſty? Conflicts that muſt be increaſed, ſo to regulate your behaviour, as not to give the leaſt room for ſuſpicion to the

generous and confiding MATILDA? No not, when, in the innocency of her heart, ſhe often chid VICTORIA for coldneſs and reſerve to her perfidious *huſband*. How could you ſtand it, when ſhe joined with him to implore your pity?—Little did the deluded wife think, ſhe was ſoliciting you to be the deſtroyer of her peace, as well as your own. No pity was due to a man, whoſe intellectual blindneſs was wilful, and the crime he ſought to involve you in, attended with black circumſtances of hardened guilt on his ſide. Pity, my dear, is, in many inſtances, a great deluder of the mind; and in ſuch a gentle, ſympathetic boſom as your's, might have proved a paſſion of a fatal tendency to have been indulged, on the occaſion ſo artfully required. On that, were the baſe hopes of the cruel PHILANDER built. Could he have ſucceeded in that interceſſion, his vile artifice would not have ſtopt there: Therefore, in you, that pity which, in general, is ſo principal an ornament of the female mind, would have been criminal weakneſs *here*. I have not patience with theſe ſons of darkneſs, theſe

infernal deſtroyers of human peace, who can aſſume as many ſhapes as PROTEUS, or BEELZEBUB himſelf, only to enſnare that youth and innocence, they are bound by all laws, divine and human, to protect and defend; and all too, under the ſpecious, proſtituted name of *love!*—Well might the poet teach MONIMIA, in the Orphan, to ſay to POLYDORE,

> O the bewitching tongues of faithleſs men!
> 'Tis thus, the falſe hyena makes her moan,
> To draw the pitying traveller to her den!
> Your ſex are ſo; with ſighs and plaints,
> Ye entice poor womens hearts;
> And all that pity ye, are made your prey.

Fine effect of pity indeed! Pardon me, VICTORIA, for ſo often repeating the pitiful word to you; and for aſking what part of this ſaid pity PHILANDER ſhowed to you, or even common compaſſion, when, in return for all the tender offices of diſintereſted friendſhip to himſelf and family, he would have rendered you one of the moſt miſerable of human beings! You judged rightly, reſolution, and not *pity*, was the virtue you were called upon

upon to exerciſe. Pity might have drawn a veil over the underſtanding, and ſoftened into folly; and then, by an eaſy deſcent, have hardened into guilt. It is thus vice makes its entrance by the paſſions; which, like fire and water, are good ſervants, but dreadful maſters! Paſſions are ſtill impoſing upon us with artful ſophiſtry, till the bright gem of reaſon and rectitude diſcovers the cheat, which, if allowed to operate, it will always do, and repel the impoſtor before he has made a paſſage to the heart, though as deceitful as LUCIFER himſelf.

But, my dear VICTORIA, as your virtue has never been thrown off its guard, you have nothing to reflect upon from theſe obſervations, which I only mention as the progreſs of vice in general. It is your part, to take the comfort the Old, and particularly the New Teſtament offers you; and conſider the various temptations our bleſſed Saviour encountered, and overcame, from SATAN himſelf, in the wilderneſs. Our three grand enemies are ſtill at work to betray us; and where there is no combat, there is no victory: But

the crown of glory is promiſed to thoſe who have reſiſted, and come off conquerors in the day of trial; and I hope you will, in due time, receive it: For, in the whole of this affair, it appears to me, you have acted in an uniformly noble manner, from the beſt of motives; and I would wiſh to animate you to perſevere in it. I ſee, I feel the difficulty of your ſituation in regard to your own family, and the generous MATILDA: Yet you muſt continue to reſiſt the importunities of both, to renew thoſe viſits which have already coſt you ſo much in peace of mind; and ſtill muſt keep the motives of your conduct a ſecret to both parties, whatever you ſuffer on that account. Unhappy maid! Conſcious rectitude muſt alone ſupport you in this arduous trial: Armed with that coat of innocence, ſtill continue to anſwer in ſilence the upbraidings of your relations, "that your unaccountable behaviour will break the cement of friendſhip betwixt families that have long been intimate." Let MATILDA herſelf charge you with ingratitude, and fickleneſs of temper—bear it all. Surely you could not be ſo cruel

to the latter, to acquaint her with the infidelity of her huſband; nor to your father, as to tell him his beloved friend, whoſe public and private intereſt he always ſtrenuouſly ſupported, has, in return, ſought the final reprobation of his darling child! Nor muſt you give the leaſt hint of PHILANDER's conduct to your brothers: You know them to be men of juſt principles, but active and intrepid ſpirits, who might think themſelves called upon, in honour, to reſent an affront to their deſervedly favourite ſiſter, by the edge of their ſword: And would you put your neareſt and beſt friends upon arrogating the province of the Almighty, who has declared, *vengeance to be his prerogative ſolely?* You can, and ought, in Chriſtian charity, to forgive for yourſelf; but you cannot promiſe that men of combuſtible ſpirits, and a nice ſenſe of honour, will do ſo likewiſe. It is the delicacy of your mind *only* that is *hurt*; and ſurely you would not, for that wound which a little time and fortitude will heal, embrue the hands of the innocent in *blood*. Remember the peace of ſeveral families is in

your keeping, by your ſilence: Be ſacred to the truſt, and you muſt be happy; but if you divulge it, who can anſwer for the conſequences of ſuch an imprudence? Conſider this, my dear, and re-conſider it whenever you are importuned on the cauſe of your ſecret grief: Try to divert it, by flying to your harpſichord, and playing ſome of your moſt lively pieces of muſic; or ſeek any amuſement that is chearful, rather than indulge a moaping melancholy, which creates ſuſpicions, and is as painful to your friends, as uſeleſs to yourſelf.

As to your audacious preſumer, leave him to the compunctions of his own mind. Amidſt the ſtrongeſt fits of inſanity, there are lucid intervals, in which conſcience (like the angel that ſtood acroſs BALAAM's way, with the drawn ſword to retard his impious progreſs) will be heard. Infidelity cannot ſtop its voice, nor the current of diſſipation or prophaneneſs lull it aſleep. It is not like BAAL, the god of the falſe prophets, whom they ſuppoſed might be on a journey, or ſleeping, &c. &c. No, there is a certain monitor within

within the breaſt of the guilty, that is ever waking; and no doubt but it will reach the heart of your delinquent, and be ſharper to him than any other remonſtrance *. I hope it will, and compel him to paſs the ſame judgment on himſelf, he would be ready to do on any other perſon, who had, in the ſame manner, offended againſt his wife or daughter.

"Thieves for their robbery have authority,
"When judges ſteal themſelves."

SHAKESPEARE had an amazing knowledge of human nature, and conſidered it deeply in the character of Lord ANGELO, who was violently in love with the virtuous ISABELLA, at the expence of his own wiſdom; and I have that charity for PHILANDER, to ſuppoſe him reaſoning thus with himſelf, on the incitements to his paſſion, in the following words:

* The late libertine, Lord LYTTELTON, ſaid, "When every tongue, in a reputable company, was ſilent on his enormous vices, his blab of a conſcience did the buſineſs of proclaiming his guilt: That keen-ſighted lynx that diſcovered vile ſecrets, impervious to every human eye."

——————————Can it be,
That modeſty can more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we attempt to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
——————What! do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue *.——————

There is no parlying with ſo dangerous an enemy: Your's is not the firſt caſe, where it has been more ſafe and honourable to fly, than to fight; eſpecially as PHILANDER ſeems to inſinuate, you are his evil angel, by declaring his bad thoughts are always moſt predominant in your company, though he allows you take every method to render yourſelf as indifferent to him as poſſible. I believe, my dear, the truth of this aſſertion: But what is it, but owning with ARASPAS, (the young *Perſian* nobleman, who was brought

* Meaſure for Meaſure, act the ſecond, ſcene the eighth.

before

before CYRUS for trying to ſeduce the noble PANTHEA, a captive queen) that men have two ſouls; otherwiſe, the ſame perſon *could not, at the ſame time, pant after virtue and vice, wiſh and abhor the ſame thing* *? It hath frequently happened, that the bad ſoul has uſurped dominion in the ſociety of thoſe women, whoſe virtue has been invincible; and the love of mind has been the firſt incentive to a paſſion, not altogether ſo juſtifiable. And when that is the caſe, and there is a ſacred bar to a farther union, generally ſpeaking, every mode of behaviour, words, or actions, ſerves but as fuel to feed a hopeleſs, guilty flame! Therefore, in this view, no commerce can be innocent betwixt perſons thus circumſtanced, becauſe it makes the pureſt mind, without deſign or inclination, become a party in guilt, by alienating affections from that perſon, who has the ſole and undoubted right to them; and it is a theft of that nature, in which none but a CLEOPATRA would, knowingly, allow herſelf. For petty

* Vide XENOPHON's Life of CYRUS the Great.

robberies, of no conſequence to the owner, the thief is liable to be tried at the bar of juſtice; and, perhaps, to forfeit his life for the crime: Of how much greater importance is that property, for which no gold can compenſate! and it naturally follows, how much greater the guilt?

This I do not mention from the moſt diſtant thoughts of weakneſs in VICTORIA, but to place before her the dangers of her ſituation, that ſhe may never again be tempted to enter the doors of the unhappy PHILANDER. MATILDA's conſtant importunities, though accompanied with the eloquence of an angel, muſt not, in the requeſt of your company, be complied with. That credulous fair-one thinks herſelf ſo ſecure in the intire poſſeſſion of her huſband's affections, by her own charms and fidelity, that ſhe would not believe the ſtrange truths you could tell, were you to ſwear them on the Bible: And I know you have too ſacred a regard for her tranquillity, to invade her ears with the cauſe of your ſhyneſs. Let her ſtill go on to rally you for your prudery and reſerve when ſhe

viſits

viſits you, what ſignifies it? Her blame ought to be converted to thanks and admiration of your conduct, if ſhe knew the occaſion: But the riſk is, on all accounts, too great to run; for it is poſſible, the diſcovery might make the *wife* more dread her rival, than eſteem her friend. *Offended pride*, in our ſex, is often tempted to act contrary to the cool dictates of wiſdom and impartial reaſon; and though a good cauſe will always bear a ſtrict ſcrutiny, yet when an intereſted perſon ſits as judge, it is oft times beſt not to demand our trial. It is a happineſs for all ſuffering innocents to conſider, we are haſtening to a tribunal, where no fallacious interpretations will be put on our actions; and this world is but a ſpeedy paſſage to it. May you and I, VICTORIA, with exulting confidence, meet our ſupreme and merciful Judge, that ſitteth above the clouds; and let us not be too much diſcompoſed, at thoſe intervening accidents that mar our felicity below them. Here, as the deſpairing king in HAMLET ſays,

" In the corrupted currents of this world,
" Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
" And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
" Buys out the law: But 'tis not ſo above,
" There is no ſhuffling,—there the action lies
" In its true nature, we ourſelves compell'd,
" Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
" To give in evidence."————

But you may be ſatisfied, in a mind free from guilt, though involved in perplexities; and when conſcience is clear, all other conſiderations ſhould be reduced to their proper ſtandard. Have not you done all you could, with propriety, to reform the mind of the deluded, I was going to ſay, infernal PHILANDER? Have not you pointed out to him that cataſtrophe of woes, (ſetting yourſelf out of the queſtion) that would attend him both here and hereafter, if he ſtill perſiſted in violating all ſacred and ſocial duties, (I mean intentionally ſo) againſt the convictions of his better knowledge? But theſe convictions, you find, have had but a temporary effect, and all your arguments ſeem but to give you an unhappy conſequence with your

apoſtate

apoſtate friend, which, unmoleſted, you might never have had. Ah, my dear! how little are perſons their own maſters, who will not try to conquer their paſſions? Reformation to ſuch is not ſo eaſy nor ſudden a work, as ſome people may imagine. You may inculcate its importance, but it is a divine power *only* that can give its influence. May that continue to guide you in all your difficulties, which is the fervent wiſh of

Your truly ſympathetic friend, &c. &c.

PHILANTHEA.

## TO THE SAME.

### ON THE SAME.

### LETTER II.

IF my former epiſtle ſoothed your mind, or adminiſtered any kind of conſolation to your diſtreſs, I am greatly ſatisfied, and encouraged to give you any further advice in my power.

I well knew, that your ſpotleſs mind always paid a ſincere homage at the ſhrine of virtue: Nor will it be eaſy for me to believe my noble, my adorable friend! will ever renounce its ſacred precepts. The hard victory you have gained in conqueſt over ſo many circumſtances that militated againſt your peace, will for ever inveſt VICTORIA with true female glory and dignity; a dignity far ſuperior to that of the Britiſh Garter, which adorns you know *whom*. For as long as virtue has any ſhare in the act of

ennobling,

ennobling, you muſt be truly great! How has your veracity, your prudence been put to the teſt, to combat every argument uſed by the different branches of your own family to inveſtigate the cauſe of your ſecret grief? Let them, and all who know you, put what interpretations they pleaſe on what they call your *myſterious behaviour:* Let them, and the ambaſſadors of PHILANDER, charge you with perverſeneſs, ingratitude, obſtinacy, and every other harſh epithet that is in the force of language; yet ſtill, whatever you ſuffer by this conſtrained diſguiſe, take my former advice, and riſk not the fatal effects of a diſcovery. The diſpleaſure of your father and friends ſhould not, in your perplexed ſituation ſo much affect you, becauſe you know it proceeds from a tender regard in thoſe perſons that think themſelves intitled to know the ſecrets of your heart; ſecrets, I find, I ſhould never have been made acquainted with, had not the repeated provocations of the perfidious PHILANDER freed you from the promiſe his cruel art firſt extorted from you, when he threatened to

render

render himſelf an inſtant corps at your feet. Intimidated with this menace, from the hoſtile intruder, your veracity was at war with your reaſon, till your charming intellects began to be clouded. In this, my dear, I muſt blame you; for, I think, it was unjuſt to the appellation you honour me with, when you call me your *friend*, to let a ſecret of this nature lie feſtering at your heart, and not to give yourſelf the chance of relief by communication. Virtuous minds ſhould never be afraid to be explicit to proper perſons, on diſtreſſes they neither ſought, nor could avoid. Pardon me, VICTORIA, for ſaying, I think ſuch reſerve is more ſtrongly tinctured with falſe delicacy, than generous confidence.—"What a ſolitari-"neſs, what a gloom, what a darkneſs, "muſt poſſeſs the mind that can truſt no "friend with its inmoſt thoughts!" Let guilt ſeek concealment, innocence ſhould be more conſpicuous.

But I hope, by this time, my friend has recovered her uſual ſerenity, and that like the ſun when breaking forth from a tranſient eclipſe,

eclipſe, you will regain your former glory, and ſhine the brighter for your trials. Be aſſured your guardian angel hath not forſaken you, but ſtill protects his ſacred charge, and watches over all the conflicts of your mind. Nor is it a diminution of that care that virtue ſhould be ſometimes exerciſed. Does not the refiner try his gold many times before he pronounces it ſterling? And does not the inſpired writings tell us, acceptable men are tried in the furnace of adverſity? Surely the rectitude of your own heart muſt give you comfort. Take its joy, and apply the remedy.

I have ſome where read, but I know not where, " that happineſs and virtue are ſaid to be twins; but if born together, they often ſoon ſeparate on the road, and are a long time before they meet again. *Virtue* has often very intricate, obſcure, and difficult paths to tread, and many hazardous hills to climb, before the coy fugitive *happineſs* will receive the diſtreſſed maid in her calm manſion on the aſcent. Invulnerable patience, and ſteady perſeverance muſt attend one ſiſter,

before

before ſhe can partake of the tranquillity of the other. But when the deſired union is cemented; its bands are bands of iron!" Patience is certainly a very difficult leſſon to learn perfectly, though, when duly impreſſed on the mind, it is one of the beſt reſtoratives of human felicity! If we reject its aid, every effort grows languid, and we are left to weave one web of fancied diſtreſs after another, from the gloomy threads of our own imagination, not conſidering that

" *Patience* and *Reſignation* are the pillars
" Of human peace on earth.——
" For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
" What but the fountain, or defence of joy?
" Of *pleaſure* next the final cauſe explore;
" Its mighty *purpoſe*, its important *end*.
" Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
" *Divine* on human, pleaſure came from heaven.
" In aid to *reaſon* was the goddeſs ſent,
" To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
" *Pleaſure*, firſt, ſuccours *virtue*; in return,
" *Virtue* gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign."

Dr. Young.—Virtue's Apology.

Victoria, you have a juſt title to this pleaſure, and therefore you ſhould exhilirate your

your ſpirits, and not fatigue them, by ruminating on the painful occurrences of life. Turn your thoughts to hiſtory, or the regions of fancy: I have been amuſing myſelf with both, to diſſipate ſome perplexing thoughts; and perhaps it may divert your ideas, to turn them from *England* to *Rome*, at this time. I wiſh the inhabitants of this Iſland had as high a ſenſe of what is due to female honour, as the noble Romans had. What is now falſly termed galantry, would then be branded as crimes of a complicated and infamous nature. VIRGINIUS had ſo high a ſenſe of his only daughter's virtue, that he preferred it to her life; and to preſerve the one inviolate, became *himſelf* the executioner of the other. LUCRETIA's tragic ſtory is well known; and, doubtleſs, her reſolution of ſelf-murther, was as highly applauded among the brave Romans, as her fate was lamented by them. But however thoſe noble heathens, who did not believe a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, might juſtify ſuch an horrid action! ſuicide can never be excuſed among Chriſtians. There is a great poverty in that virtue,

virtue, that, to avoid preſent trouble, can ruſh into the preſence of its God, by committing a crime that can never be repented of. How could God vindicate his attribute of mercy and truth, of being with us in the hour of diſtreſs, and day of trial, if he did not ſometimes permit troubles to compaſs us round about, that *he* might exerciſe *his* power, and our virtues? But in our opinion of ſuicide, I think LUCRETIA was much more to be excuſed than CATO, as the loſs of honour is much harder to ſurvive, than the loſs of liberty: And it certainly would have been nobler for CATO to have been drawn a trophy of lawleſs power, at the chariot wheels of the victorious CÆSAR, than to have *ſmiled at the drawn dagger, and defied its point* *.

Though ſtrangers to government, I think we may obſerve, in honour of the Roman ladies, that they do not appear to have been inferior to the *men*, in any one virtue, whether public or private. There are many de-

* What CATO did, and ADDISON approved, has been juſtly thought too encouraging examples to the crime of ſuicide.

monſtrations

monſtrations of the women's being adepts, even in learning and courage, which are rather maſculine accompliſhments; but which, when properly uſed, cannot derogate from female merit; and then, for domeſtic duties, LUCRETIA herſelf was an example: Though a young woman of rank and celebrated beauty, ſhe was found, at a midnight hour, ſpinning amongſt her maids, and chearfully portioning out their taſks *, when the brutal SEXTUS TARQUIN, the king's ſon, (led by the fame of her beauty and virtue) firſt ſaw her. I admire the Romans, for erecting ſtatues to honour the memory of this charming woman; and cannot blame them for avenging her death, by extirpating the TARQUIN race, from the regal dignity and power; in which decree it appears, the noble JUNIUS BRUTUS was very active. I have read, that the Roman ladies ſignalized themſelves by the honours they paid to BRUTUS's memory: They all went into mourning at his death, and wore it a year, in acknowledgment for his ſo ſtrictly

* Vide Dr. GOLDSMITH's Hiſtory of the Commonwealth of Rome, page the third.

revenging

revenging the outrage done to conjugal chaſtity, on the perſon of LUCRETIA. Theſe grateful acts ſhowed the Roman virtue, but could not reſtore the loſt LUCRETIA to her faithful! her beloved COLLATINUS!

Rough ſatiriſts have often taken pains to depreciate all the excellencies of women: But with all their malignity to our ſex, they could never bring down the ſtandard of true female modeſty and magnanimity to their illiberal notions. Virtue hath a divine original, and is not to be debaſed by thoſe libertines, who prefer a gilded *toy* to a real pearl. It is a well-known ſentiment of SENECA's, that were JUPITER to look down upon the earth, he could not behold a more glorious ſight, than a good perſon retaining integrity under a weight of woes, and combating with courage, the various preſſures of bad fortune. The heathen moraliſts went ſo far as to declare, that the Supreme Being took delight in ſeeing great minds ſtruggling with diſtreſs, and bearing, with patient reſignation, thoſe ills which were the criterion of their reſpective virtues, and which frequently befel

befel thoſe, who, in appearance, were the favourites of heaven. But Chriſtian fortitude riſes much higher than it was poſſible the Pagan philoſophy could, by reaſon of the richer ſource of inward conſolation that animates it: Yet we find the Gentile world had ſo high an opinion of the purity of our ſex, that they placed a *virgin*, but no other *woman* among the ſtars. The Sibyls, in thoſe days, were greatly honoured; otherwiſe they would not have been endowed with the gift of prophecy, nor deemed *God's council*. BAILEY informs us, thoſe veſtals were thought by ſome to have propheſied concerning our Saviour's nativity; and their written predictions were held in ſo great authority among the *Romans*; that they did nothing of moment, in peace and war, without conſulting them. MILTON ſeems to have had this tradition in his thoughts, when he inſtructs the *eldeſt* brother in COMUS, to comfort the youngeſt, on their ſiſter's danger, by ſaying,

So dear to heav'n is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand livery'd angels lacquey her,

Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear;
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal.

This opinion of the ancients, in regard to the inſpiration of dreams and viſions, has foundation from ſcripture; it being exemplified in the pious minds of thoſe admirable young diviners, JOSEPH and DANIEL. Holy writ records JOSEPH's conduct to his maſter's wife, as a bright example of chaſtity. I do not wiſh to weaken its force as an example; but I think there could be no great exertion of inward virtue, or fortitude requiſite, to ſo pure a mind as the Hebrew ſervant's was, to reſiſt the vile importunities of a lewd and imperious woman! A woman who had ſunk herſelf beneath pity or ſhame! when ſhe could ſo far forget what was due to her ſex and character, as to wiſh to give up her own and huſband's honour without an attack! The propoſal of this infamous matron! carried

ried with it ſuch ſlimy traces of that old ſerpent, which firſt beguiled innocence itſelf in paradiſe: that had not the crime lain ſo ſtrong againſt God, and POTIPHAR his confiding and protecting maſter! the overture from his perfidious wife, could inſpire no other paſſion but horror in the breaſt of the virtuous JOSEPH *. Hard, very hard indeed at that time, was the young Hebrew's trials in a foreign land, but his priſon was the high road to honour, for it led the ſuffering JOSEPH to be the viceroy of *Egypt*. I have often admired this hero's paſſive fortitude in not endeavouring to exculpate himſelf, by fixing the infamy, of his ſuppoſed crime, on the propoſer. But why ſhould I?

" By her own ſentence virtue ſtands abſolv'd,
" Nor aſks an echo from the tongues of men,
" To tell what hourly from herſelf ſhe proves.
" Who wants his own, no other praiſe enjoys;
" His ear receives it as a fulſome tale,
" To which his heart in ſecret gives the lye:

* Pardon me, I do not intend to leſſen the magnitude of JOSEPH's virtue, but I think it was much more ſeverely exerciſed, than in the preſent inſtance.

"Nay, ſlander'd innocence muſt feel a peace,
"An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew."

I will leave VICTORIA to make the application of this farther quotation, from MILTON's COMUS: All language of mine muſt be inexpreſſibly flat after it. So I will only intreat you to be free in writing all that is upon your mind; and, if in return, the feeble efforts of my pen can inſpire one tranquil thought, or divert one penſive hour, be aſſured, you may freely command all the weak powers of

Your obedient

PHILANTHEA.

# TO THE SAME.

## ON THE FORTITUDE OF ROMAN CHARACTERS.

### LETTER III.

I Readily agree with my VICTORIA, in admiring many inſtances of the noble Romans, ſeeking the permanent glory of character in ſubduing their paſſions; a glory they juſtly thought ſuperior to the proweſs of their arm, or the extenſive conqueſt of military force. Among thoſe celebrated inſtances of fortitude and ſelf-denial you mention, doubtleſs SCIPIO AFRICANUS was very great, in treating ſo nobly his charming Celtiberian captive. Hiſtorians have not failed to celebrate SCIPIO's calm philoſophy and reſignation, in reſtoring this lovely priſoner of war, with due honour, to her betrothed huſband. But perhaps ambition had ſome

ſhare in this *ſelf-conqueſt*, as the command of private paſſions was certainly laying the beſt foundation for government of empire: And I am informed, all Rome, at that time, had its eyes fixed on SCIPIO, as a bulwark of the ſtate; and this young hero ſaid, "We Romans fight for glory, and the ſafety of the commonwealth, &c. &c." Therefore you muſt ſuppoſe, it could not have been an acquiſition of glory, to have attempted to ſeduce the affections of this beautiful lady from her noble, her ardent lover! and to have kept her a priſoner from him, would have been tyranny! For the mutual vows of this charming couple were, in a manner, ratified in heaven; and to have ſuperſeded their happineſs on earth, or to have accepted gold for the lady's ranſom, would have been a paltry meanneſs, that would have tarniſhed the honour and generoſity of the great SCIPIO, and ſtained that palm of victory he had before gained with high renown!

But greatly as I admire the conduct of this noble general to his Celtiberian captive, I think his merit was more than equalled in the hard

hard conqueſt TITUS VESPASIANUS gained over himſelf, when he reſigned his pretenſions to the beautiful Aſiatic queen, ſiſter to King AGRIPPA. I am led to believe, her pure heart became captive to TITUS, when he conquered Judea; but the Romans were inveterate to the alliance. Reaſon may, and does, often yield to advice; but fervent love will ſeldom bear its controul: For it is generally acknowledged, that this ſaid *love* will burn with the pureſt and ſtrongeſt flame in the moſt virtuous hearts, though public or private reaſons may call upon them to renounce the tender paſſion: As in the preſent caſe, TITUS could not perform his promiſe of marriage to the charming princeſs, becauſe the republic had invincible objections to the union, and would not permit a Syrian queen to ſit on the imperial throne of the CÆSARS. —Then judge, VICTORIA, how hard it muſt have drawn upon the ſoul of TITUS, to renounce his ſolemn vows, and moſt tender affections, in compliment to the opinion, or rather the prejudices of his ſubjects; and to ſend BERENICE back to her own country, and

deny her a place on his throne, who ſo deſervedly reigned in his heart!—What heart-felt conflicts, what ſelf-expoſtulation, did not the noble ſoul of this good emperor combat with, to perſevere in a conduct ſo repugnant to the dictates of his inclination! Well might he be called the delight of *human kind*, that made ſuch a ſacrifice of his moſt delicate feelings, to the rigid command of duty!

Thus you ſee, my friend, conſpicuous virtue does not exempt the great, but, in ſome caſes, rather involves them in more arduous trials, than falls to the lot of leſs exemplary perſons *.

The little reading I have had in the Roman hiſtory, has not made me acquainted with more inſtances of real fortitude and magnanimity, in ſuffering among men, than we find in the private conduct of the female character. If perſonal reputation muſt riſe or fall, as perſons bore their reſpective fortunes, how great were many Roman ladies, who ſeemed diveſted of pride and paſſion, to per-

* Vide Lord LYTTELTON's Dialogues of the Dead.

ſevere

ſevere in fidelity? Can you point out to me a brighter example of conjugal virtues, than the modeſt, the noble OCTAVIA was, to the ungenerous, the perfidious MARK ANTONY! Younger, handſomer, and much more amiable, in every reſpect, than the wanton CLEOPATRA was; what could excuſe that lordly tyrant Antony, to ſcorn her modeſt virtues, and ruin himſelf by following and careſſing a courtezan? Yet, whilſt he was purſuing his wild amour with an abandoned miſtreſs, his OCTAVIA, his wife, never reproached him with his infidelity, but bore her wrongs without complaint; and was more kind to his children, by his former wife FULVIA, than their father: Nay, further, ſhe went with the moſt moving eloquence, and endeavoured to reconcile differences betwixt CÆSAR her brother, and her cruel huſband. Not content with this, and many more inſtances of generoſity, OCTAVIA went to meet him, when he returned from an inglorious expedition at Parthia, with rich preſents of cloaths, arms, horſes, &c. and two thouſand choſen ſoldiers well armed: Yet,—after all theſe inſtances

of duty and affection,—ANTONY prohibited her coming to an interview with him; nor could the wife recover her rights to his eſtranged affections, by preſents, words, or actions: No, he renounced OCTAVIA, with all her perfections, and called CLEOPATRA his wife publicly, and enriched her with provinces, nay kingdoms, to ſupport her luxury; and at the ſame time entirely neglected all proviſion for his legitimate children: Yet, under all theſe indignities, the patient OCTAVIA did not reproach her ANTONY, but, with unſhaken conſtancy, perſevered in the moſt difficult parts of a wife's duty; even when her rebel lord followed the wanton CIRCE into *Egypt*. There, as SHAKESPEARE finely deſcribes ſuch perfidy, to

> Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
> That mount the capitol; join gripe with hands
> Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
> Then glad myſelf with peeping in an eye,
> Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
> That's fed with ſtinking tallow.——
>
> CYMBELINE, act the firſt, ſcene the eighth.

Do

Do you think, VICTORIA, that any of your SCIPIOS', or CÆSARS', or even ALEXANDER himſelf, when he entered the tent of DARIUS, ever ſhowed ſuch a ſelf-conqueſt and clemency as OCTAVIA did in her conduct to her infatuated, apoſtate huſband? The only fault I can find in her character is, that ſhe was too good! Too good!—You aſk, how can that be? I think it may, in many reſpects. Reſolution is an excellent quality, when exerted on a proper occaſion; and had this Roman lady been poſſeſſed of it, ſhe would not have been ſo ſpiritleſs and tame! It was for political reaſons, and to oblige her brother OCTAVIUS, that ſhe ſubmitted to be offered up an innocent victim, on the altar of marriage, with ANTONY. This was being much too paſſive, in an article of the higheſt importance to her future peace. We are informed, MARK ANTONY had great endowments of perſon and mind to attract a young lady's regard; all the charms of inſinuating addreſs, and a fine, but perverted underſtanding. CLEOPATRA's power over him was ſuch, in his firſt wife's time, and his neglect of FULVIA ſo

notorious, that it haſtened her death: Therefore it was an arrogant preſumption in her ſucceſſor, to build nuptial happineſs on that baſis, that was ſo fatal to her predeceſſor. But credulity is the god of love's prime miniſter; otherwiſe, that blind deity could not ſo artfully impoſe on human judgment, when reaſon offers her aid to detect the cheat. Here we may obſerve a ſmall deviation from principle in important circumſtances, will lead perſons into heavy misfortunes; and I am induced, from reflection on OCTAVIA's, to aſk my VICTORIA a few queſtions on non-reſiſtance in general; or what I think the female character requires, from each individual in particular.

Is there not greater merit due to a woman, who will, for virtue's and for honour's ſake, abſolutely refuſe a man, who is not indifferent to her, than it would be to marry a free-liver, on the ſtrongeſt importunities of her parents or guardians?—Can you think, if the laws divine and human do not reform an immoral man, there is much chance for a woman, who becomes his property, to do it?—If a man notoriouſly violates his firſt duties,

ties, is it not vain to ſuppoſe he will be more exemplary in his ſecond, unleſs recalled to it by ſome peculiar diſpenſation of Providence? —How can we reaſonably place a confidence *in*, or expect rectitude or protection *from*, thoſe perſons who ſport away their own fortune and characters?—Should it be an encouragement to us, to truſt ours to their keeping?—I have known many worthy perſons of our ſex, who have married with a view of reforming libertines, that have been ſeverely puniſhed in their choice, by preſuming on a ſtrength they had not.—Goodneſs to goodneſs is always an attractive quality: But what greater martyrdom can be imagined, than for a noble, benevolent mind, to be linked with, and curbed by one, that hath not generoſity nor probity to diſtinguiſh its excellence? A weak, or a reprobate mind, can generally feel enough of thoſe excellencies he will not try to imitate, to endeavour to ſuppreſs them all that's poſſible, (however modeſtly they are exerciſed) and bring them down to the ſtandard of his own conduct.

Therefore,

Therefore, on theſe conſiderations, I know not why virtue and ſobriety ſhould be deemed ſuch indiſpenſible requiſites in the female character, that even a generous libertine will own them the ſecurity of his honour in the wife; and yet a woman will riſque her happineſs, without theſe principal bonds of felicity in her future huſband? In ſuch caſes, is ſhe not, in ſome ſort, accountable to her children, for giving them a profligate *father*, when the choice was in her power? Is it not incumbent on us women, to extend our utmoſt influence to raiſe every *fort* in defence of virtue, in conſideration of preſent or future tranquillity? Shall we look placidly on the conduct of thoſe of the other ſex, with whom reaſon and religion forbids us to allow a commerce of minds, and not give merit its full *force*, by a juſt preference to the noble guardians of our honour and liberty? It is an extremely difficult taſk for ſufferers to act with ſpirit and temper at the ſame time: I imagine it to be a greater call on fortitude than many women are aware of, to ſupport their part of the marriage yoke with unblameable

able firmneſs and conſtancy, when united with a man of free principles. Who can anſwer it, if put to the trial, that they could exerciſe the ſame heroic virtues, as the tender, yet magnanimous OCTAVIA did? The paſſions of hope and fear, were undoubtedly implanted in our minds for very wiſe purpoſes; and if we impartially attend to their dictates, we ſhould weigh, in the nice balance of diſcernment, thoſe vices which pluck up happineſs by the roots, and thoſe qualities which, bearing the true mintage of virtue on them, will be moſt likely to enſure future felicity in a partner for life.

Marriage is in itſelf a ſacred inſtitution, and when entered into with prudence, greatly enhances the importance of other domeſtic characters. I apprehend it does not divert the mind from thoſe purſuits, which tend moſt to its honour, but gives them elaſtic ſweetneſs and celebrity. To ſupport this hypotheſis, let us turn to the matron, who, in a manner, ſeems veſted with creative dignity, and is often called on to exert thoſe exemplary good qualities, which not only ſtamp

great glory on the private character, but reflects it likewiſe on poſterity. The bonds of amity are ſuch, that misfortune cannot break; but, on the contrary, pure affection often ſhines forth with the trueſt luſtre, in adverſe circumſtances. This truth is finely illuſtrated by PLUTARCH, in the life of POMPEY the Great, from whom I ſhall give the following anecdote:

"When POMPEY, after being vanquiſhed by JULIUS CÆSAR, went to viſit his wife CORNELIA in the Iſle of Leſbos, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him than ſhe fell down in a ſwoon, and hurt herſelf greatly; but when ſhe came to herſelf ſhe complained of nothing elſe, but that the fall of POMPEY had hurt her more than the fall of CORNELIA." This Roman lady is ſaid to have been poſſeſſed with all the advantages that high birth, beauty, fortune, deep learning, and humility could give her: Yet was not more eminent in any endowment of mind or perſon, than for her tender affection to her great, but unfortunate *huſband!* His diſtreſs, and the fate of war, CORNELIA bitterly

bitterly lamented! But, under all POMPEY's affliction, this good wife, we are told, ſhowed admirable conſtancy and courage, and adminiſtered more comfort to the drooping *hero*, than even the philoſopher CRATIPPUS was capable of giving.

If I have treſpaſſed on your patience, VICTORIA, you muſt thank yourſelf for leading me into the Roman field of obſervation. If you will give me leave, I will conclude my characters of fortitude, and Pagan virtues from thence, with POMPEY's Ghoſt; which, I think, is expreſſive of the ſuppoſed ſentiments *of the greateſt and nobleſt ſoldier that Rome ever produced*; and, at the ſame time, it breathes the ſoft ſtrains of an Arcadian lover!

FROM laſting and unclouded day,
From joys refin'd above allay,
And from a ſpring without decay;

I come, by CYNTHIA's borrow'd beams,
To viſit my CORNELIA's dreams,
And give them yet ſublimer themes.

Behold,

Behold,—the *man* you lov'd before!
Pure ſtreams have waſh'd away his gore,
And POMPEY now ſhall bleed no more.

By death my glory I reſume,
For 'twould have been a harſher doom,
To have outliv'd the liberties of *Rome!*

Nor ſhall my glory be withſtood,
Nor unattended by a flood
Of *Roman*, and Egyptian blood.

CÆSAR himſelf it ſhall purſue,
His days ſhall wretched be, and few;
And *he* muſt fall by treaſon too!

He, by ſeverity divine,
Shall be an off'ring at my ſhrine;
As I was his,—*he* muſt be mine.

Thy ſtormy life regret no more,
For fate ſhall waft thee ſoon aſhore,
And to thy POMPEY thee reſtore;

Where, paſt the fears of ſad removes,
We'll entertain our ſpotleſs loves!
In bliſsful and immortal groves.

There none a guilty crown ſhall wear;
Nor CÆSAR be *dictator* there;
Nor ſhall CORNELIA ſhed a tear.

This

This ghoſt was a true prophet in regard to CÆSAR's death, which was by aſſaſſination, about four years after the death of POMPEY. I will not preſume to ſay I have given a juſt tranſcript of the ſong, having never ſeen it in writing; and it being nearly one thouſand eight hundred and twenty-ſix years ago, I ſuppoſe it is out of print. I do not ſee why ancient hiſtorical ſongs ſhould not claim ſome ſhare of regard, as well as ancient coins; therefore I ſend you this for its antiquity. You will obſerve, the Pagan ſentiment runs through it; and it was a part of *Roman* politics, to conquer or die: It appears to me, they were unacquainted with the true glory of yielding to inevitable deſtiny with a becoming grace. After all, there is ſomething ſo ſacred in the diſtreſs of great characters, whether they are of a public or private nature, that, by a kind of ſympathy in conſtitution, we feel very ſenſibly for thoſe perſons, with whoſe names we are only acquainted by hiſtory. In idea I am now at *Rome*, and POMPEY's ghoſt and ſtatue ſtand before

before me, and demand my veneration. But I will bid farewel to theſe viſionary relicts of unfortunate greatneſs and ambition, and conclude my narrative with this real truth, that,

I am your's,

PHILANTHEA.

ON

ON THE

# FRIENDSHIP

BETWEEN

# TWO LADIES.

I.

LET fam'd DESCARTES, or NEWTON tell,
How in one body there can dwell,
At once both cold and heat:
Yet here no leſs a wonder we,
In ETHELIND and HARRIET ſee,
Extremes as diff'rent meet.

II.

Strangers to love, and all its arts,
His hallow'd fire ne'er reach'd their hearts,
Cold as the virgin ſnow:
Yet ſtill can friendſhip's fainter torch
Inflame their breaſts, their boſoms ſcorch,
And give their hearts to glow.

Thus

III.

Thus when the ſteel and marble meet,
They both with friendly kiſſes greet,
And kindle into flame:
But try the ſame with lead and gold,
The charm is fled,—the ſtone is cold,
Th' effect no more the ſame.

IV.

Each is a dearer ſelf to each,
They know no foul, unfriendly breach,
But in ſtrict union move:
Such ſweet conſent is there between
The needle and the magnet ſeen,
Such ſympathy and love.

V.

The cauſe this lovely pair that binds;
That joins their hearts, unites their minds,
By this example's ſhown:
For hence by like effects we find,
Hard as the ſteel is ETHELIND,
And HARRIET cold as ſtone.

VI.

No wonder then ſuch friendſhip grows
Betwixt ſuch well-match'd hearts as thoſe,
The cold and the ſevere:
For ſure when they from heav'n were ſent,
Each only was for th' other meant,
Like the firſt happy pair.

ANONYMOUS.

TO

TO

# CANDIDUS:

## IN ANSWER TO HIS ENCOMIUMS ON LEARNED AND GOOD LADIES.

### LETTER I.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, in his Poem on Cooper's-Hill, ſays to the Thames,

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

And why may not I addreſs myſelf, in like manner, to CANDIDUS? who has, in a peculiar manner, gratified my pride, and, if poſſible, raiſed my opinion of his benevolence by his generous opinion of the conduct and capacities of women in general. It is a conſtant

ſtant matter of ſecret triumph to me, for any part of my ſex to deſerve honour from the judicious part of your's. The ſuperiority of intellectual faculties I am always ready to reſign to you; as maſculine ſtrength, and greatneſs of thought, are as undoubtedly your prerogative, as the royal one is the *king's*; and I ſhould as ſoon think of claiming one as the other; being fully convinced, in my own mind, of your charter in this reſpect. Nay, I have many times differed from ladies in opinion on this ſubject; and perhaps one reaſon is, few perſons have been more dependent on your ſex than myſelf, in matters of judgment. I have felt my native inferiority in a thouſand inſtances, ſince I have been honoured with your correſpondence: But though, as an individual, I feel myſelf ſo very weak in intellectual endowments, that I have but little right to any part of the noble compliments you make my ſex, yet I am very glad there are many ladies now living who have; and being a link of the ſame chain, it is ſufficient for me to enjoy their juſt praiſes.

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The celebrated Mrs. MONTAGU, whom you mention to have heard ſpoken of with high diſtinction, ſtands the firſt in the preſent claſs of female literati. I am ſurprized, CANDIDUS, that you have not read her criticiſms on VOLTAIRE, in her defence of SHAKESPEARE: I will not anticipate your opinion of that work, farther than by a few hints; and ſaying, I think you have a pleaſure to come, when you peruſe it with due attention. In the ſeveral times I have been in company with this admirable lady, her character has riſen upon me, from obſervation of the refined tenderneſs, ſoftneſs, and feminine qualities, that are characteriſtic of *woman*; while ſhe is juſtly and publicly allowed to be endowed with ſo great a ſhare of the wiſdom of *man*, that it proves, beyond contradiction, it is not always the *wig*, nor the *cap*, that diſtinguiſhes the learning of the head it encircles.

You know VOLTAIRE, with all his talents, was thought to be one of the moſt inconſiſtent men in the world. He greatly enriched himſelf, by the bounties of royalty, when he firſt came to England; and, we are

informed, he did not heſitate to copy the fineſt thoughts and incidents of our dramatic poets, and tranſlate whole ſcenes into his own language: Yet, after he had converſed *with*, and written letters *to*, and panegyrics *on*, the genius of the Engliſh poets, on his return to *France*; yet, after all this, we are told, VOLTAIRE did not ſcruple to ſay, "that SHAKESPEARE would never have been known out of his own country, as a poet, had he not condeſcended to pick up a few pearls from his enormous dunghill." Did not ſuch a writer as this, who had learnt our language, and ſtole as much fire as he poſſibly could from an author he depreciated, deſerve the ſeverity of criticiſm? Yes, I preſume you will ſay; and an Engliſh lady, who had inveſtigated VOLTAIRE's plays with amazing penetration, and coolneſs of judgment, gave the deſerved laurels to our beloved SHAKESPEARE, on due compariſon of their reſpective merit. Nor is it at all to be wondered at, that ſuch a truly great mind as Mrs. MONTAGU poſſeſſed, ſhould find a ſuperlative pleaſure in reſcuing the relics of SHAKE-

SPEARE

SPEARE from the attacks of malevolence. It is confidently aſſerted, the French poet could not bear to hear of a rival, alive or dead, in dramatic excellence; which ſound was as dreadful to VOLTAIRE, as the name of HECTOR was to the *Greeks:* Like the great ALEXANDER and CÆSAR, he could not brook an equal; for the Grand Turk is not more jealous of a competitor in power, than VOLTAIRE was of one of the quill.

But I hope, CANDIDUS, the amiable and learned Mrs. MONTAGU, is but one amongſt many, who can confute the Mahometan doctrine, and prove that women have *ſouls.* Certainly there have been, and are numbers, that have written on ſubjects ſerious, abſtruſe, and entertaining; with as much inſtruction and enlivening ſpirit as thoſe men, who have been ſtudious to depreciate female endowments; and by that means to give us no high opinion of their own. Do we not owe every faculty of the mind to a Divine Being? Let that be conſidered, and who will dare to preſcribe limits to omnipotent power?

When from rude chaos this terraqueous ball
Was form'd by pow'r divine, around it all
Terrific pomp in ſolemn grandeur ſate,
Till the ſupreme, all-gracious Potentate!
Bade th' ethereal, well-proportion'd bliſs
Inſtant deſcend, and open Paradiſe.
Th' Almighty fiat 'lumin'd all the globe,
When God's drawn curtain ſhow'd bright glory's robe.
From God alone the imperial mandate came,
Whoſe high command call'd forth celeſtial flame;
For when Omniſcience view'd this wond'rous maſs,
Let there be *light*, God ſaid,—*and light there was.*

In the early ages of Chriſtianity, thoſe good women were held in high eſteem, whoſe minds were fortified by ſcience. Many of theſe became ſome of the firſt converts to the goſpel, and gloried in martyrdom for its ſake. Providence has generally wiſe ends to anſwer in all its diſpenſations; and it muſt be acknowledged, that from the rich fountain of female learning, many uſeful and noble ſtreams have flowed to poſterity; for no one but a cynic, or rough ſatiriſt will deny, but that a liberal knowledge of letters may be of great advantage to women as well as men. As folly is the certain offspring of ignorance,

ignorance, it is incompatible with true generoſity of ſoul, to wiſh to fetter the female mind in its attainments, when ſo much happineſs to ſociety depends upon its invigorating example: But I believe men in general are much more jealous of their prerogative in imputed wiſdom, than fearful of our abilities in attaining its reality: For this reaſon they explode every degree of, what they call, learning in women, as an endowment which will only help the poſſeſſors to be very quick-ſighted to the weakneſs of their opponents; and, therefore, like the Turks, they think that empire ſafeſt, which is founded on ignorance. It is noble in you, CANDIDUS, to declare, that you don't wiſh *the tree of knowledge* to be monopolized *by your ſex only*; nor do I wiſh it to be by ours. A republic of women in ſcience, would be to me as extraordinary and uncharacteriſtic in private life, as in ſtate: All I wiſh is, that the daughters of the land (on whom much depends) might enjoy ſimilar privileges with the ſons; for though it is not given them to riſe ſo high in the ſcale of beings as the lords of the creation,

that tranſmit their names to poſterity, yet as virtuous acts will confer more real honour than a *name*, why ſhould they be denied it? Candour muſt allow, that God nor nature has not excluded women from being ornaments to their families, however ſome have chuſed to treat us *even* below rationality. Lord CHESTERFIELD, for one, has been very illiberal to us in ſeveral of his letters, wherein he treats us, "as trifling children, capable of nothing but wrangling and quarrelling; weak creatures, that are bloated up with ſelf-conceit, and foſtered up by vanity:" For he further adds, "women have an intolerable ſhare of it; no flattery, no adulation is too *groſs* for them." We are not obliged to this great maſter of politeneſs, for his ſarcaſtical obſervations, on the weak endowments and very narrow faculties of female minds. Had his lordſhip humanely conſidered, that it was to a woman he owed his birth, filial reverence might have induced him to have drawn a veil over female imbecillity, eſpecially as it is allowed, by very competent judges, that a tenderneſs and reſpect for the fair-ſex

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is a criterion of national politeneſs, and refinement of manners: But I hope the virtues of women, in all ages, have, in general, been *ſuch*, that the bare mention of them will ſufficiently refute ſo cruel an aſſertion.

With due ſubmiſſion to Lord CHESTERFIELD'S humiliating obſervations, permit me to ſay, that no man but one, who was governed by a contracted ſpirit, and more ſtudious to diſplay *wit* than *wiſdom*, could have been thus ſevere upon our whole ſex. It muſt indeed be allowed, that the preſent mode of education lies too much in external qualifications, which, like an error in the firſt concoction, ſpreads its pernicious influence over our whole lives. The faculties of the mind are not properly exerciſed; and whilſt genius is employed in childiſh amuſements, it is impoſſible to ſay how much the ſoul is curbed in her moſt noble productions, and uſeful actions, in which the female powers are not taught to expand. I am certain, numbers of us are more obliged to nature and application for inſtruction, in many parts of laudable improvement, than to all we

learn at ſchool. I ſpeak from experience: We are forced to ſtruggle for the little knowledge we attain, as a ſwathed infant does for liberty, that is pinioned down, body and imbs, by an injudicious *nurſe*. This being my caſe among many others, I muſt abſolutely diſclaim the courage you attribute to me, i. e. "that I have taken learning by force." 'Tis true, I have capitulated a little for it; but the *fort* is ſo ſtrongly defended by your able *corps*, that, 'tis evident to demonſtration, it will not, in any reſpect, yield to my weak, preſumptuous attack.

But, however, I can ſtill amuſe myſelf in an humble ſphere, with contemplating the mental perfections, and exemplary conduct of thoſe ladies, in ancient and modern times, whoſe names will reflect honour to our ſex. Your encomiums on ſeveral, CANDIDUS, has flattered and ſoothed my pride, and turned my thoughts to what hiſtory relates of ſome other noble women, in whom many diſtinguiſhed graces and virtues were united. But theſe endowments muſt be the ſubject of another letter, in which I intend to introduce

troduce ſo many learned and noble ladies to your notice, that good manners demands your being appriſed of their viſit. In the mean time I expect an epiſtle from you, which will be eſteemed a freſh obligation to

Your obedient,

PHILANTHEA.

## TO THE SAME.

### ON THE SAME.

### LETTER II.

YOUR laſt epiſtle to me is a full demonſtration, that ſpleen have never ſpread her ſable wings over you, in reſpect to your opinion of female literature. You do me juſtice in aſſerting, that you don't think my ambition leads me to leap over thoſe boundaries, that God and nature have ſeemed to draw between the ſexes, merely to be deemed a *learned woman*. Far, very far from it, I aſſure you, my friend; that abuſed *epithet*, I am very certain, is not the criterion of female merit. Prudence, Œconomy, and an obliging deportment in the domeſtic ſphere, I well know, render us far more pleaſing and uſeful in the private walks of life, than mere learning can do, without the former attainments. There muſt be, as you obſerve, a kind

kind of SEX in the mind, that dictates its proper employment. I know your ſentiments are, on this ſubject, correſpondent with our admired author's, that ſays, "that a BOADICEA in armour, and an ACHILLES in petticoats, are appearances equally ridiculous and extravagant." It may be ſo; but that obſervation does not depreciate the utility and merits of learned women: Not that I am an advocate for the character of thoſe *only* that have been eſteemed *learned*, but for all others that have been, and are, exemplary in the virtues of chaſtity, probity, fidelity, charity, fortitude, and piety; and to prove theſe virtues are not wholly of the maſculine gender, ſuch numbers under each claſs might be adduced, as would compel an Infidel to own *that* merit in our ſex, many of your's deny.

I will not pretend to enumerate thoſe particular endowments or accompliſhments, that have immortalized the names of ſome *women*, becauſe it may be thought holding out the gauntlet of challenge to ſome *men*; beſides, the glorious liſt would ſwell my letter to a book: Therefore, I ſhall only beg leave to

introduce a few characters to your notice, in ſupport of female attainments.

I believe our anceſtors held learned women in high eſteem, and thought, that all excellence had a right to be recorded, ſince hiſtorians have tranſmitted to us many characters that was eminent in this reſpect: Witneſs CORNELIA*, (the mother of the Gracchi) ſhe compoſed ſuch excellent epiſtles, that her children afterwards derived from them all their eloquence, and CICERO himſelf admired them.

Her rich endowments cou'd great SCIPIO grace,
The worthy daughter of a noble race!
Not he more glory from ſack'd Carthage brought,
Than ſhe diſplay'd in conduct, and in thought.

ASPASIA† was judged worthy to teach PERICLES, who himſelf was (comparatively

* Vide PLUTARCH, in the Lives of TIBERIUS and CAIUS, and in his Morals on Conjugal Precepts. This CORNELIA was the daughter of SCIPIO, and the wife of SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS.

† Daughter of ANTIOCHUS. Vide PLUTARCH, in the Life of PERICLES.

ſpeaking)

ſpeaking) able to inſtruct the whole world. It is ſaid, SOCRATES himſelf was pleaſed to attend her lectures. The Marchioneſs DU LAMBERT wrote excellent advice to her ſon; and Madame SAVIGNE's letters to her daughter, are demonſtrations not only of parental affection, but female capacity. Theſe latter are believed to be written without ſtudy, or any intention to be publiſhed: Yet the compoſition has been thought to ſurpaſs PLINY's, and many other celebrated authors. —Hiſtory likewiſe informs us, that "TULLIA *, the daughter of the great TULLY CICERO, was an excellent and admirable woman! moſt affectionately and piouſly obſervant of her father; and to the uſual graces of her ſex, having added the more ſolid accompliſhments of *knowledge and polite letters*, was qualified to be the companion, as well as the delight of his age; and was juſtly eſteemed, not only as one *of the beſt*, but the moſt learned of the Roman ladies. I have

* Vide CONYERS MIDDLETON's Hiſtory of CICERO, Vol. II. page 203.

likewiſe

ikewiſe read that St. GREGORY *, biſhop of Nice, humbly confeſſed, that his ſiſter MACRINA was his ſchool-miſtreſs, and had given him his knowledge of polite literature; and that St. BRIDGET † wrote ſo well of myſtic theology, that her doctrine gained the admiration of the moſt profound ſcholars among men. Theſe were ladies of rank,

" Who over paſs'd the ſpinſter's mean employ,
" The pureſt Latin authors were their joy:
" They lov'd in Rome's politeſt ſtyle to write,
" And with the choiceſt eloquence indite.
" Nor were they converſant alone in theſe,
" They turn'd o'er HOMER and DEMOSTHENES;
" From ARISTOTLE's ſtore of learning too,
" The myſtic art of reas'ning well they drew.
" Then bluſh, ye men, if you neglect to trace
" Thoſe heights of learning which the females grace."

YOU, CANDIDUS, that have ſo thorough a knowledge of the Oriental languages, and

* Anno 331. He was brother of St. BASIL.—Vide MORERI.

† The wife of ULPHONSUS, a prince of *Swedeland*. Her writings were examined and approved by the council of *Baſil*. She died at *Rome*, anno 1373.—Vide MORERI.

ancient

ancient hiſtory, could, if you pleaſe, produce many more inſtances of great and learned women, than my little reading can furniſh me with. But if you will not do our ſex that honour, allow me the pleaſure to recite ſome Engliſh ladies names, whoſe minds were irradiated with thoſe bright beams of knowledge, which ſhone with a luſtre almoſt as ſtrong, as thoſe more renowned ones of *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Rome*. When was there an age that produced more learned and good women, than thoſe who lived between the years one thouſand five hundred, and one thouſand ſix hundred? It was near this latter period, that Lady MILDRED BURLEIGH died, who was well verſed in the ſacred writers, and thoſe chiefly of the *Greeks*; as BASIL *the Great*, *St.* CHRYSOSTOME, *St.* GREGORY NAZIANZEN, &c. &c. Nor was her ladyſhip leſs eminent for her public and private charities: She gave a ſcholarſhip to St. JOHN's college in Oxford, and valuable legacies to the poor of *Rumford*, *Cheſthunt*, and *Woolthan*; and, in her life-time, ſhe ſent, four times a year, money ſecretly, to buy all neceſſary

proviſion for four hundred perſons in the priſons of London, who were not allowed to know their benefactreſs.

Nor does it appear to me, that her next ſiſter, Lady ANNA BACON, was, in any reſpect, inferior to Lady BURLEIGH, in mental endowments. Hiſtorians have not ſcrupled to declare, that to the tender care, and great abilities of Lady BACON, her two ſons owed the ground-work of their education; and as an ingenious writer obſerves, "without any injuſtice to the genius of either of theſe great men, they derived much of the reputation they acquired in ſcience, to the pains taken with them, in their early years, by their excellent and accompliſhed mother." But the exemplary performance of her maternal duties, could not redound more to her honour, than the utility of her learned works; particularly her tranſlation of *An Apology for the Church of England*, wrote by the maſterly pen of Biſhop JEWEL; which work was ſo highly applauded by the biſhop and arch-biſhop, that the latter could not too warmly expreſs his gratitude to, and eſteem for, the judicious and ingenious

nious tranſlator. His lordſhip ſtole this work into print for the public good, and to ſuperſede the modeſt excuſes of her ladyſhip, to prevent the publication.

The third ſiſter, Lady ELIZABETH RUSSEL, was likewiſe highly eſteemed for her intellectual attainments, being miſtreſs of the learned languages, and celebrated as the SAPPHO of her age; and her brows were encircled with a garland from the patron of bays. To this ſhe added a proper ſpirit, and excellent œconomy. It was ANNA, the daughter of this noble lady, that is ſuppoſed, in Weſtminſter-Abbey, to have died a martyr to her needle.

Nor would the fourth lady, KATHERINE KILLIGREW, be inferior to her noble ſiſters in point of learning and female merit; and a ſpecimen of her conjugal and ſiſterly affection is tranſmitted to us, in ſome poetical lines of her's, on occaſion of her huſband's being appointed by Queen ELIZABETH, ambaſſador to France in troubleſome times. The employment always difficult, was then apparently dangerous: Therefore Lady KIL-

LIGREW

LIGREW wrote to her ſiſter Lady RUSSEL, to improve her power with the lord-treaſurer her huſband, that her Sir HENRY might be excuſed from that ſervice. Her petition in Engliſh runs thus:

If MILDRED, to my wiſhes kind,
Thy valued charge thou ſend,
In thee my ſoul ſhall own combin'd,
The ſiſter, and the friend.

If from my eyes, by thee detain'd,
The wanderer croſs the ſeas,
No more thy love ſhall ſooth as friend,
No more as ſiſter pleaſe.

His ſtay let Cornwall's ſhore engage,
And peace with MILDRED dwell,
Elſe war with CECIL's name I wage,
Perpetual war——farewel.

I muſt confeſs, it is an uncommon bleſſing for one mother to give birth to four daughters, of ſuch excellent intellectual endowments as theſe good ladies were. The great Author of Nature is not always ſo profuſe of *his* bounties to one family: There we oft times ſee, that if the mental faculties

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of one perſon in it ſhines with reſplendent luſtre, other branches of the ſame family are ſo remarkable dull in their capacities, that one is almoſt ready to doubt, they derive their exiſtence from the ſame parents.—However, theſe learned ſiſters ſhall not ſtand ſingular in my epiſtle, ſince I muſt admit Sir THOMAS MORE's bright triumvirate of daughters a place next them: But I fancy the literary circle of ladies, in thoſe days, owed much of their attainments in ſcience, to the great encouragement, and generous inſtruction of the learned gentlemen of their times: Witneſs Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir ANTHONY COOKE, ERASMUS, and others; whoſe minds were too enlarged, wholly to eſtimate their daughters merits by the ſtandard of their pies and cuſtards; rightly judging, "that in a country where the *women* are admitted to a familiar and conſtant ſhare in the active ſcenes of life, particular care ſhould be taken in their education, *to cultivate their reaſon, and form their hearts.*"

You well know, CANDIDUS, Sir THOMAS MORE's daughters were deeply learned, and very

very reſpectable women; particularly the eldeſt, Mrs. ROPER, his favourite, whom her father (great man as he was) acknowledged to be, in ſome parts of literature, his rival. It ſounds an incredible generoſity of ſentiment, that the lord high chancellor of England, ſhould condeſcend to pronounce a *woman* his equal, much more his ſuperior in ſcience, and at the ſame time capable of being entruſted with his moſt important ſecrets. Nor was it only the partiality of a fond father that celebrated the character of theſe learned ſiſters, but it was re-echoed by the trumpet of fame from diſtant parts of the world; for mental excellence was then the lover's theme, as much as their miſtreſs's glory; which, I ſuppoſe, made ERASMUS ſay, "the ſcene of human things is changed; the Monks, famed in times paſt for learning, are become ignorant, and women love books." But ERASMUS was but one among the wiſeſt ſons of that age, who were emulous to give their ſuffrage in favour of theſe much-admired ſiſters, as is evident by an epigram of the celebrated antiquarian poet, Mr. JOHN LEELAND. Thus tranſlated:

Forbear

Forbear too much to extol great Rome from hence,
Thy fam'd HORTENSIUS' daughter's eloquence!
Thoſe boaſted names are now eclips'd by three
More learned nymphs,—great MORE's fair progeny.

It would be but like holding a candle to the *ſun*, were I to expatiate further on the ſuperlative merit of theſe ladies I have mentioned, or thoſe I might add, it being copiouſly expreſſed in the memoirs of ſeveral eminent writers. It is to DUNCOMBE's *Feemihead* that I owe many of the above extracts; and to that I wiſh to refer you, for the moſt exemplary part of Mrs. ROPER's character: I mean her filial duty, her ſoothing, yet diſtreſſing tenderneſs and anxiety for her noble father, in every part of his trials, when under the diſpleaſure of his tyrannical ſovereign *.

Time, and the limits of a letter, would fail me, were I to enlarge upon the literary merit of many other ladies, that formerly

* Sir THOMAS MORE was beheaded, for adhering to his religious tenets in the reign of HENRY the Eighth.

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made a reſplendent appearance in the commonwealth of learning, whoſe names will ſtill reflect honour on our ſex; and it is equally to the honour of ſome men, that they knew how to eſteem thoſe women that ſhared with them the perfections of the mind. I think the Emperor THEODOSIUS the younger, married ATHENAIS, the daughter of a poor philoſopher, merely for her intellectual endowments; and that great maſter of learning, that was bred up at the feet of GAMALIEL, recommended, benevolently, all his adopted ſiſters to the eſteem of the *Romans*, left them his benediction, and grateful teſtimony, how ſerviceable thoſe women * (*who would have laid down their necks for his life*) had been to him in the propagation of the goſpel: In the knowledge of which, PRISCILLA † and AQUILA were ſuch adepts, that they were able to teach the eloquent APOLLOS; and this is our conſolation, however parſimonious ſome dark ſouls may be in acknowledging the merit of women, the inſpired writings

* Acts xviii. † Romans xvi.

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is frequently copious in reciting their worth: And many eminently pious women, of latter years, the Reverend Dr. GIBBONS has done juſtice to their reſpective characters, in his memoirs. Certain it is, the Britiſh throne have been frequently filled with ladies, that aſpired after a celeſtial diadem, at the ſame time they held the royal ſcepter. EDITHA, queen to king EDWARD the Confeſſor, we are told, was a religious SAPPHO: For this good princeſs could not anſwer it to herſelf, to proſtitute the ſacred fire to any mean object: Therefore divine or conjugal love, were the only ſubjects on which ſhe choſe to diſplay her poetical attainments; yet this royal dame, added all the ſofter female accompliſhments to her learning and piety: For to theſe graces of the mind was added thoſe of perſon, accompanied with gentle manners, good œconomy, and ſuch exemplary induſtry and ſkill in needle-work, that ſhe wrought, with her own hands, the curious and magnificent robes the king uſed to wear on his collar days. Such is the character that has been handed down from one thouſand one hundred

hundred and eighteen, of this excellent princeſs. O! when will modern ladies paint with her laſting colours?

The character of Lady JANE GREY * has been ſo univerſally known, that I need not particularize its perfections: Yet give me leave to ſay, that her early and cruel martyrdom was not, in my opinion, more to be lamented, than her mental endowments admired. "The good king EDWARD *the Sixth* was deemed almoſt a prodigy in learning, for his early years; yet in this reſpect his pious couſin, Lady JANE GREY, was allowed to be his ſuperior, though there was but about two years difference in their age." She ſpoke and wrote her own language with peculiar accuracy; and it is ſaid, that the *French*, *Italian*, *Latin*, and eſpecially the *Greek* tongues, were as natural to her as her own; for ſhe not only underſtood them perfectly, but wrote them with the utmoſt freedom; and this, not in the opinion of ſuperficial judges, but of Mr. ASCHAM, and Dr.

* Vide Dr. GIBBONS's Memoirs of Lady JANE GREY.

AYLMER,

AYLMER, men, who in point of veracity, were as much above ſuſpicion, as in reſpect of abilities they were incapable of being deceived; men who were, for their learning, the wonder of their own times, and of ours; the former famous for *Roman* accuracy, the latter one of the ableſt critics in thoſe learned days. Lady JANE GREY was alſo verſed in *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, and *Arabic*; and all this when ſhe was, in a manner, a child in age." Yet, with her natural and acquired abilities, this good lady was in no reſpect elated by theſe extraordinary endowments, but was remarkably gentle, humble, and modeſt in her demeanour. Happy for her, that ſhe ſought in DEMOSTHENES and PLATO, (her favourite authors) that delight which was denied her in all the other ſcenes of life. Sir THOMAS CHALONER could not be too copious in the praiſes of this exalted lady, when he wrote her panegyric. In that compoſition, well might he ſay,

'Tis far below her fame to tell,
With what a ſkilful hand
She touch'd the lyre, and with the ſounds
The paſſions could command:

Or how inimitably fine,
The works her needle wrought;
Or with what ſtrokes of matchleſs art,
Her pen pourtray'd her thought!

Thus, not as yet arriv'd at age,
Eight tongues ſhe underſtood;
And breaking learning's rinds, ſhe ſeiz'd,
She feaſted on the food.

Miſs SCOTT, in her poem, intitled *The Female Advocate*, has likewiſe celebrated Lady JANE's tranſcendent character in the following lines:

The beauteous DUDLEY roſe to grace the ſtage,
The pride and wonder of her ſex and age:
Low bending at the radiant ſhrine of truth,
Her ſoul renounced the idle toys of youth;
Impell'd by nobler fires, ſhe boldly ſoar'd,
And ev'ry ſcience, ev'ry art explor'd.
Religion, in its pureſt form array'd,
Her tongue, her manners, and her pen diſplay'd.
Forced to the ſplendid burden of a crown,
She ſoon, with pleaſure, laid the burden down:
Her ſteady ſoul fate's fierceſt frown could brave,
Secure of endleſs bliſs beyond the grave.

If you will pardon me, CANDIDUS, for this long extract of Lady JANE GREY's learning,

ing, I will not repeat what might be ſaid of Queen ELIZABETH's; though ſufficient arguments might be produced, from the extenſive knowledge of the latter, to ſupport my hypotheſis, and convince the whole philoſophic race of ſceptics, of the real intellectual endowments of our ſex.

Nor will I preſume to enlarge upon the mental or political abilities of the celebrated CATHARINE, the preſent empreſs of Ruſſia, how ſhe has wrote a code of laws for the government of her people; nor how ſhe has cultivated wild and trackleſs deſarts, into beautiful and rich ground, for their habitation: No, the rehearſal of theſe maſculine abilities, ſhall be left by me to ſome future, more capable, and honoured biographer: But you muſt permit me juſt to put you in mind of the learning that adorned the moſt excellent and benign princeſs that ever ſwayed the Britiſh ſceptre! You may eaſily think, by the word *benign*, I mean the good Queen MARY: I do; and I appeal to your veracity, if you can tell of any prince, in whom the graces of majeſty, goodneſs, *learning*, gen-

tleneſs, and juſtice, ſhone with a more ſtrong and united luſtre?

What lady, ſo young, ever ſhowed a greater firmneſs of underſtanding, than this good *princeſs* did, when ſhe piouſly expoſtulated with her father, (then upon the throne of *Great-Britain*) with ſuch energy of reaſon, upon the principles of the Proteſtant religion? With what dutiful reſpect did ſhe addreſs him, as her parent and ſovereign; yet, at the ſame time, how nicely and truly did ſhe ſift the reaſons that were urged to her, for the infallibility of the *Pope?* alledging, that if St. PETER himſelf could not maintain that authority, which it was evident he could not, when St. PAUL withſtood him to the face, becauſe he was to be blamed, how could that ſuppoſed infallibility, which had ceaſed with miracles, be given to their ſucceſſors, whoſe bad lives ill agreed with the *apoſtle's* doctrine? It appears from hiſtory, that Queen MARY embraced the Chriſtian religion, upon full conviction of its being orthodox; and ſhe concluded the attack made on her by her royal father, by ſaying, that "ſhe truſted,

by

by the grace of God, that ſhe ſhould ſpend the reſt of her days in it; and that ſhe was ſo well aſſured of the truth of our Saviour's words, that ſhe was confident the gates of hell ſhould not prevail againſt it." To which Biſhop BURNET adds, "that ſhe exerted ſo much proper reſolution, and force of argument, that ſhe let the *popiſh* party ſee, that ſhe underſtood her religion as well as loved it."

But in this grand controverſy of the church, it doth not appear, that our noble *heroine* diſcovered the leaſt tincture of enthuſiaſm: On the contrary, ſhe had generous ideas of the liberty of human nature, and of the true ends of government: Nor could ſhe think that religion was to be delivered up to the humours of miſguided princes, whoſe perſuaſion made them as cruel in impoſing on their ſubjects the dictates of others, as they themſelves were implicit in ſubmitting to them. Though her ſoul panted for the tranquil pleaſure of private life, yet ſhe ſupported the burden of a *crown*, with the utmoſt

propriety and patience; becauſe it enabled her, in the elevation of a throne, to be the guardian of property and liberty to her ſubjects.—She narrowly inſpected the conduct of the ſuperior clergy, before ſhe would honour them with rich church-preferments; and the diſpoſal of them always gave her great anxiety, that the *benefice* given might redound to the glory of God, by the worth of its *incumbent*. It ſorely grieved the righteous ſoul of this common parent, that ſome nominal divines contented themſelves with *non-reſidence*, and baſked in the ſunſhine of *pluralities*, while many of their indigent brethren, who laboured more abundantly in the vineyard, (like their ſuffering *Maſter*) ſcarcely knew *where to lay their heads*. The enormous abuſe of riches, and neglect of paſtoral duty, this royal ſhepherdeſs, always zealous to promote a united reformation, declared her intentions to regulate, the day before ſhe was ſeized with that fatal malady! which deprived her of life, and *England* of its glory!

" In virtue's race, as far at *thirty-two* *,
" She went as woman, wife, and queen could do;
" But yet her virtues told, ſhe dy'd not young,
" For virtue never liv'd at court ſo long."

I ſhall not attempt to ſwell the bright catalogue of learned ladies further, as many are already recited by good hiſtorians. It is from Dr. GIBBONS's Memoirs of Queen MARY, that I have taken this ſhort abſtract of her united excellencies.

The ſame Memoirs will inform us, from undoubted authority, that this royal lady's learning was not merely that of the head, but her hands and heart expanded with the dictates of the former, in all that was great, laudable, and exemplary. Nor did the dignity of a regal queen, tempt her to forget the duties of a private woman; for the hand that ſwayed the *ſceptre*, uſed the *needle*: And ſuch was the influence of the princeſs, in this reſpect, that ſhe brought the new faſhion of *ſewing* into court, and the town followed the worthy example: Nor was ſhe leſs active and

* The queen died of the ſmall pox at that age.

vigilant in ſtate affairs, when the executive part of national government was veſted ſolely in *her*. To theſe bright endowments we may add, in all reſpects, the ſtricteſt ſincerity, and the ſublimeſt height of conjugal affection and duty. POMFRET was not laviſh in his panegyric on this princeſs, in ſaying,

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left CŒLESTIA here to rule alone,
With how ſerene a brow, how void of fear,
When ſtorms aroſe, did ſhe the veſſel ſteer?
And when the raging of the waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her ſway in times of peace?
Juſtice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples ſpread a glorious light!
So quick ſhe eas'd the wrongs of every ſwain,
She hardly gave them leiſure to complain.
Impatient to reward, but ſlow to draw
Th' avenging ſword of neceſſary law.
Like heaven, ſhe took no pleaſure to deſtroy,
With grief ſhe puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with joy.

Her pious ſoul with emulation ſtrove,
To gain the mighty PAN's important love;
To whoſe myſterious rites ſhe always came,
With ſuch an active, ſo intenſe a flame,
The duties of religion ſeem'd to be,
Not more her care, than her felicity.

Next

Next mighty PAN was her illuſtrious lord,
His high vicegerent, ſacredly ador'd:
Him with ſuch piety and zeal ſhe lov'd,
The noble paſſion ev'ry hour approv'd,
Till it aſcended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her ſo entire a duty pay,
She grew at laſt impatient to obey;
And met his wiſhes with as prompt a zeal,
As an archangel his Creator's will *.

Well, CANDIDUS, I ſuppoſe you think that I have given you a ſufficient criterion for the trial of your reputed virtue, *patience*, to peruſe my account of learned ladies: If not, it ſhall be farther exerciſed by a few more characters of women, as eminent for charity, fortitude, and other heroic and amiable endowments, as the former were for their attainments in *ſcience*.

And though theſe are chiefly of great perſonages, yet, believe me, I could add numbers in a leſs exalted ſphere, whoſe private memoirs would be worth your reading, though

* Vide POMFRET's *Paſtoral Eſſay on the Death of Queen* MARY.

I ſhall ſuppreſs my inclination of reciting them now.

Perhaps Providence, foreſeeing how rigorouſly we are denied thoſe improvements and acquiſitions that you enjoy ſo freely, has endowed our minds with ſtronger propenſities to virtues of a calm, but magnanimous turn, to compenſate, in ſome degree, the arduous trials that fall to the lot of ſome women, particularly thoſe who are linked in wedlock with men of a tyrannical, weak, impetuous, or churliſh temper. I never read the anecdote of Queen PHILIPPA, interceding (with King EDWARD the Third, her huſband) for the lives of the ſix noble burghers of Calais, that my heart does not dilate with the moſt ſenſible pleaſure. What cogent reaſoning,—what reſiſtleſs eloquence,—what royal dignity,—what tender, yet nervous expoſtulations, enforced the petition of this gracious queen, for thoſe unhappy priſoners! SHAKESPEARE himſelf could not have made her talk in a ſtrain more judicious, or ſuitable to her requeſt: Nor the renowned CICERO, at the *bar*, with all his oratory, and the eyes of *Rome*

*Rome* upon him, could not have uſed greater weight of argument, nor powers of rhetoric, to gain the cauſe of his moſt beloved friend, than this heavenly ſolicitor did, to ſave the lives of national enemies!—Well might ſhe urge, that the death of theſe devoted victims would have tarniſhed the glory of her EDWARD's conqueſts, and therefore ſhe not only pleaded for their lives, but for her *huſband's honour, his kingdom, and his crown.* Mercy, united with glory, ſhone round the brows of this royal interceſſor, with a far more reſplendent luſtre, than the ſparkling rays of the brighteſt diamond! But PHILIPPA ſeemed to be the firſt-born daughter of heaven in *mercy*; for I am informed, from STOW's Survey of London, "that in the reign of King EDWARD there was an erection, or ſhed, near St. Mary-le-Bow, for the public entertainment of their majeſties, and perſons of quality, which laſted three days. There it was that Queen PHILIPPA, with many ladies, fell from the ſcaffolding, without the leaſt hurt: Wherefore this good queen took great care to ſave the carpenter from puniſhment; and

through the fervency of her prayer, which ſhe made on her knees, ſhe pacified the king and council on this occaſion." Well might England exult in ſuch a queen! She, who made the life and happineſs of all her important care, muſt have reigned triumphant in the heart of every ſubject! Do you think, CANDIDUS, there was ever half the glory in all the victorious battles of her EDWARD, as there was in the conduct of his royal conſort, to preſerve the lives of the community? O! PHILIPPA! how often has thy eloquence and clemency ſeemed to vibrate in mine ear, when I have contemplated thy tomb in the univerſe of death*! There I thought how liberally this Iſland has been bleſt, in having *queens for its nurſing mothers*, and interceding friends: For I find, that in 1517, when an inſurrection of the London apprentices happened, under pretence of expelling ſuch ſtrangers as carried on trades in *London*, which being ſuppreſſed, two hundred of the rioters were convicted of treaſon; but one hundred

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

and

and eighty-five were pardoned, on the powerful interceſſion of the queens of *England*, *France*, and *Scotland*, then reſiding in the court of *England* *.

Theſe acts of clemency and goodneſs, ſpeak *women* to be ſomething more than thoſe little impertinent, frivolous animals, who are only capable of buſying themſelves in the trifling concerns of their neighbours, the bagatelle of a day, or placing a flounce or feather. Noble diſtinctions and epithets! by which ſome of the male part of the human creation, are pleaſed to limit the extent of our talents. —But ſuch men have never learnt to look inward, and improve their rational faculties; a leſſon that would inſtruct them, at the ſame time, to treat our's with candour, and never to depreciate women for verifying that we have *ſouls*; which we think it our duty to render worthy the reſidence of a Deity, and not let our perception and powers of underſtanding contract, and grow uſeleſs for want of due exerciſe.

* Vide Stow's Survey of London.

In

In remoter centuries, the trumpet of fame has been loud in celebrating the juſt praiſes of thoſe great learned ladies I have mentioned. COWLEY himſelf, ſpeaking of female attainments, condeſcended to ſay of his favourite,

> ORINDA does our boaſting ſex outdo,
> Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
> She does above our beſt examples riſe,
> In hate of vice, and ſcorn of vanities, &c. &c.

To theſe ladies of ancient date, who were adepts in ſcience, and eminent for noble actions, I could (as I ſaid before) recite numbers of great dignity in the preſent republic of letters, that never made their wealth a ſhield to ſloth; which might contradict the aſſertion of SALLUST, "that luxury and idleneſs ſuits none but women." But quality having taken the due precedence in this liſt of great ladies, I muſt not *now* extend it, to give women of humbler birth, but congenial merit, a place at their feet. Certain it is, that the heroic virtues, nor the diſtinctions of learning, have not been confined to ladies of

of high rank, though munificent charities are often limited to them, by the narrow boundaries of circumſtances. The late celebrated Mrs. ROWE's is one among many, whoſe character is a full demonſtration of this aſſertion; for ſhe, in obſcure life, and with a mediocrity of fortune, was truly exemplary in exalted beneficence, aſcetic piety, and great humility; and to the bright aſſemblage of theſe, and other virtues, ſhe added thoſe real accompliſhments, and knowledge in literature, that adorn high ſtations. Would the unthinking part of women endeavour to imitate ſuch a model of human perfection, much money might be ſaved from being laviſhed away in ſuperfluous ornament, and much time redeemed from being ſpent in diverſions of doubtful innocence. Mrs. ROWE's private charities were greater in her ſtation, than thoſe public ones of great perſonages, whoſe names are recorded in hiſtory: That informs us, St. CATHARINE's hoſpital, near the Tower, had the honour to be founded and endowed by four queens of England. Queen MATILDA, or MAUD, was the firſt foundreſs, whoſe

graces of mind and perſon, we are told, ſeemed to contend for rivalſhip; yet her ſupreme humility did not allow her to be conſcious of either. Queen ELEANOR, wife to King EDWARD the Firſt, was next, whoſe conjugal affection was of ſuch a magnitude, that ſhe ſaved her huſband's life at the greateſt hazard of her own. Queen PHILIPPA was the third foundreſs of this noble hoſpital: The ſplendour of her virtues I will not enlarge more on than I have already done. Nor ſhall I expatiate upon thoſe of the fourth queen, CATHARINE, dowager (I ſuppoſe) to HENRY the Eighth. To theſe royal dames, (of ancient times) I might add a long liſt of noble ladies now living, that petitioned to his late majeſty for, and liberally ſubſcribed to, the endowment of the Foundling-hoſpital.

Though my examples of female generoſity, or arguments for female literature, are by no means exhauſted, I will obtrude but one character more, of the former, to your conſideration.—It is that of BEAUFORT, (Margaret) counteſs of Richmond and Derby,

and

and mother to King HENRY the Seventh. This lady was greatly diſtinguiſhed for her piety, though it was ſtrongly tinctured with the ſuperſtition of thoſe times. Her charities were very great and extenſive. She performed, all her life-time, ſo many noble acts, and charitable deeds, that as STOW expreſſes it, "they cannot be recited in a ſmall volume." I ſhall mention only three; the two colleges ſhe founded at Cambridge, one to CHRIST, the other to St. JOHN his diſciple; and the grammar-ſchool at *Winbourne*: And ſhe kept conſtantly in her houſe twelve poor perſons, whom ſhe maintained in every reſpect; and her high rank * was ſo far from inſpiring her with pride or haughtineſs, that ſhe would frequently dreſs the wounds of poor diſtreſſed people with her own hands.

So much to the memory of the renowned dead! The celebrity of living ladies I ſhould be happy to ſee recited by your pen, as I

* 'Tis ſaid of this illuſtrious lady, that by her birth and marriage with the Earl of Richmond, ſhe was allied to thirty kings and queens.

flatter

flatter myſelf they muſt retain the eſteem of the moſt worthy *men* of this age: But whether they have it, or not, in this life, they may hope for a place, near beings of a higher order, in the next; a ſummit of felicity that we may all aſpire unto, is the fervent wiſh of

Your obedient,

PHILANTHEA.

P. S. Should the encloſed characters, and my obſervations, be ſo happy to meet with the approbation of my ingenious and learned friend CANDIDUS, I ſhall think myſelf more than recompenſed for the trouble I have taken in ſelecting the former; to which, his opinion of the latter, is of inferior conſequence to her, that is not a candidate for *fame*.

AN

# EPISTLE TO A DIVINE,

ON THE UNITED MERITS OF THE

# PEN AND NEEDLE:

IN ANSWER TO SOME POETICAL LINES ON THIS SUBJECT.

MY rev'rend friend, too plain I ſee
The notions you imbibe of me:
Yet be it known, I ne'er ſhall try,
With you, in works ſublime to vie.
To me, no maxim is ſo clear,
As *acting in my proper ſphere:*
Nor would I wiſh a ſprig of fame,
Beyond a worthy woman's name.
In logic let your ſex excell,
(That's claim'd not by M. DEVERELL:)
It ſuits not with an humble mind,
T'aſſume thoſe wreaths for you aſſign'd.
Science, you hint, was meant for man;
Domeſtic duties, woman's plan:
The lower cares, her nobleſt place;
To follow thoſe, her higheſt grace.

Agreed,

Agreed,—for I ſhall ne'er diſpute
The duties that a woman ſuit.
The needle's glory then atchiev'd,
It never, Sir, can be believ'd,
For all the reading that you've read,
And all the learning in your head,
That I'd my needle-work reſign,
To move, like you, a great *Divine*.
'Tis true, I can't compoſe a ſonnet,
Yet I've been known to make a bonnet;
And many vouchers I can bring,
To prove I better *ſew* than *ſing*.
Of *ſhifts* I've made full many a ſcore,
And I may make as many more;
But never will I turn adrift
A better thought, to make a ſhift,
And get by ſubtle tricks a feather,
Which gain'd, may waft me—God knows whither.
Since from above our lot is given,
As marriages are made in heaven,
I'll take my chance, like man and wife,
For better and for worſe, through life:
Then who ſhall doubt the juſt deſign
Of heav'n, that caſt your dye and mine?
Fix'd to our deſtiny below,
'Tis your's to *write*, and mine to *ſow*.
I fear no jealouſy nor ſpite,
From thoſe who neither read nor write;
While thoſe, who are more nobly bred,
Will ſcorn in ſatire's path to tread.

Let

Let me inform you, if I can,
What woman moſt expects from man:
When thoughts a doubting maid perplex,
She claims the pity of your ſex;
It then becomes you to diſpenſe
Sage counſels, from your ſtronger ſenſe.
Howe'er it ſtands with ſome divines,
Whoſe temples learning's wreath entwines,
'Tis inconſiſtent with their ſenſe,
At ſimple girls to take offence;
For ſhould they wiſh to know their letters,
Does that infringe upon their betters?
Too well you know the active ſoul,
Is ſubject to no prieſt's controul;
No force its liberty can bind,
Nor will it be to ſex confin'd,
But flies at will from king to queen,
As hath in former days been ſeen.
'Tis not the glitter of a crown,
Nor crouded levees, bring renown;
The rays of ſovereign ſenſe alone,
Extend the luſtre of a throne.
What ne'er inſpir'd King JOHN, you know,
Did in Queen BESS with *vigour* glow;
And Europe's learned ſons confeſs,
No prince did ever yet poſſeſs
A better ſtock of uſeful knowledge,
Relating both to court and college;
Politically juſt and wiſe,
She gave to learning—learning's prize.

This

This maiden ruler of our Isle,
On arts did so benignly smile,
No Salique laws the priest could plead,
Nor was it then a *sin* to read,
Or to compose some worthy book,
On which 'tis now a crime to look.
But what's more dreadful to recite,
Women may sew, but must not write,
Unless they're bold as Spartan dames,
Or can endure the martyr's flames.
Yet lest I run beyond my length,
And lose in the dispute my strength,
I'll only ask two questions more,
Though I cou'd ask at least a *score*.
Deny'd the use of pen and ink,
Women will still presume to think
Your lordly sex don't use our's well,
When girls you learning's walls expell;
In *us*, why meet not cap and pen,
As well as muff and sword in men?
Why must the pen and petticoat
Such jarring opposites denote,
That lamb and wolf as well might drink
Together, at one fountain's brink,
As books and samplers jointly raise,
For one poor female!—two-fold praise?
Perhaps denied the power, or skill,
To move with grace the muse's quill,
You swear GOLIATH's spear and shield,
We might with much more honour wield?

Well,

Well, be it ſo:—I ne'er ſhall fret,
Since prieſts can *teach* me how to *net*.
Some maids in writing *ſermons* ſhine,
While clerics take another line,
And gave to cheeſecakes taſte divine!
And ſome are known with GILL * to vie
In *gravy's*, or a *codling* pie.
Is it not hard, theſe claſſic cooks
Deride our taſte for moral books?
Let the criterion of the tart
Decide, who *takes the better part*.
While 'tis the doctrine of the gown,
From Bray's good vicar handed down,
(Too much adopted in theſe climes)
To *ſhift* our notions with the times,
Let ſuch purſuits your ſex engage,
And our's peruſe the letter'd page.
But to repreſs ſatiric flight,
And prove that women can be right,
With juſt reſpect I here declare,
The reverence to divines I bear,
Whoſe bright example ſtill refines,
The nervous precepts in their lines;
And many prelates I could name,
Whoſe life and writings are the ſame.

PHILANTHEA.

* A late eminent man-cook at Bath.

P. S.

P. S. Your pardon, Sir, when this you read,
If thus my ſex's cauſe I plead;
'Tis mine, to make the ſubject ſport;
'Twas your's, the freedom firſt to court *.

* This epiſtle was, in a manner, extorted from the author, in anſwer to a divine that addreſſed her with ſome lines of a ſatirical turn, relative to the amuſements of her pen ſuperſeding thoſe of her needle. It is very foreign to the ſentiments of the writer, to caſt the leaſt reflection on the reſpectable gentlemen of the cloth, to ſeveral of whom the author is under the ſtrongeſt ties of gratitude, in reſpect to the publication of her *Sermons*; and ſhe is well known to have ſo high an honour for the ſacred function, that ſhe preſumes to flatter herſelf, this free epiſtle can only be conſidered, by the candid reader, as playful retaliation to an individual; ſince no other conduct of divines is here referred to, than their improvement in culinary ſcience, and giving example to our ſex of change of employment.

# ENGLISH LIBERTY:

## A SONG.

I.

WHEN great OLYMPIUS hung on high,
This beauteous ball but newly made,
Th' immortal deities ſtood by,
And its fair provinces ſurvey'd:
When each agreed to chuſe the ſhare,
Moſt worthy of his guardian care.

II.

MINERVA ſaid, let Athens riſe,
For learning, and for arts renown'd,
Be all her ſtudy to be wiſe,
And with ſucceſs her ſearch be crown'd;
Miſtreſs of ſcience let her reign,
And long her noble fame retain.

III.

Let Rome, ſaid MARS, beneath my care,
Triumphantly the world ſubdue,
Inur'd to blood, and hardy war,
Be conqueſt her immortal view:
Let her bow haughty tyrants down,
And ſhake whole nations with her frown.

IV.

Said ſmiling LIBERTY, aſſign
To me one Iſle,—I aſk no more;
Yon little ſpot be ever mine,
And pointed to the Britiſh ſhore:
There will I deign to ſhine confeſt,
By Britain's honour'd and careſt.

V.

There PALLAS, when thy Athens falls,
Shall all her noble arts revive,
Defended by her wat'ry walls,
For ſcience does with freedom ſtrive:
The Muſes ſhall fair Britain love,
And cleft Parnaſſus there remove.

VI.

Thy noble courage MARS ſhall warm,
Her ſoldiers breaſts in conqu'ring fights,
When in their country's cauſe they arm,
And not to ſeize another's rights;
Her martial ſpirit ſhall reſtrain
Ambitious France, and haughty Spain.

VII.

VII.

Her gallant ſons ſhall never bend
Their necks to hatred ſervitude,
But all their ancient rights defend,
With noble greatneſs unſubdu'd:
Fair land!—be liberty thy boaſt,
And never—never be it loſt.

LYSANDER.

TO

# SATIRUS:

IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTER, IN WHICH HE DISSUADED HIS FRIEND FROM MARRIAGE.

A Letter you wrote to your correſpondent at Briſtol, in which you diſſuade him from marriage, has lately fallen into my hands, and I am deſired to anſwer it. Had that epiſtle been directed to a daughter, ſiſter, or any other female friend, whoſe eaſe and tranquillity you might wiſh to preſerve, I ſhould not have wondered at its contents: There being much ſtronger natural and religious reaſons to be urged, for our ſex to renounce the pales of matrimony, than can poſſibly be enforced from one man to another. I own it ſurprized me, that any member of the commonwealth ſhould ſeriouſly perſuade a man

a man from entering into that ſtate, which God and nature has evidently deſigned to be the moſt happy on earth, upon ſuch frivolous arguments as thoſe you urge; arguments, that had they been written to one in the Roman ſenate, in the days of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, would, moſt probably, have been exploded in ſuch a manner, as the capacity, or delicacy of a woman will not permit her to do. It is not for us, SATIRUS, to expatiate on thoſe motives, (*vices* I might ſay) that generally keep men ſingle. Few perſons, I believe, are candidates for the ſtate of celibacy, of your ſex, merely from thoſe prudential reaſons, that can be juſtified in the eye of wiſdom; and, otherwiſe, it has been deemed a ſtate-crime, though it does not come within the verge of the law.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR thought ſo*, when he ſummoned the whole body of the *equeſtrian* order to appear before him; and, in full aſſembly, he ordered, the married and unmarried men to be ſeparately placed: Then,

* Vide ECHARD's Roman Hiſtory, Vol. II. book the firſt, page 45.

after highly applauding the former, AUGUSTUS told the latter, *that their lives and actions had been ſo peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of citizens, for the city might periſh, notwithſtanding their care; nor by that of* Romans, *for they deſigned to extirpate the* Roman name. Then proceeded further to tell them, *that their courſe of life was of ſuch pernicious conſequence to the glory and grandeur of the* Roman *nation, that he could not chuſe but tell them, that all other crimes put together, could not equalize theirs: They were guilty of impiety, in cauſing the names and honours of their anceſtors to ceaſe; and they diſſolved the government, in diſobeying its laws, &c. &c. And he was ſenſible, that all this proceeded, not from any kind of virtue or abſtinence, but from a looſeneſs and wantonneſs, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government:* Yet, to ſhew that he would not diſcourage any thing that had the appearance of virtue, he beſtowed upon ſuch women as had vowed perpetual celibacy, rewards equal to mothers.

The

The ſtrength of the above arguments, from this noble emperor, muſt, I think, confute your's; otherwiſe I ſhould not have riſqued the quotation, to ſupport my ſentiments in favour of that union, which you diſſuade your *Briſtol* friend from entering into. Your advice, if followed by him, and the other inhabitants of that opulent city copied his example, the flouriſhing commerce,—naval ſtrength,—extenſive charities,—ſocial virtues,—and noble hoſpitality! for which the citizens of Briſtol are renowned, would, in the next age, be conſigned to oblivion; and we muſt ſeek for the honour of her conſtituents in the duſt! The good of ſociety is made up of the rectitude of individuals; and who has a right to exempt himſelf from that chain which links the general harmony of the univerſe? Good children have a laudable pride in the virtues of their parents or anceſtors, and a noble emulation to copy them: But were they to adhere to the precepts you inculcate, there would be no family honour to ſupport, nor could they ever tranſmit that true glory to the ſucceeding generation.

You ſay, SATIRUS, "that you will not enforce your arguments againſt wedlock by one example among the *Roman* dames, nor drop one hint concerning the Epheſian matron." Wiſely evaded: For though you might produce a few inſtances of infidelity, or ill temper among thoſe ancient ladies, yet you muſt be conſcious, the number would be far ſhort of thoſe noble matrons, whoſe names are recorded in the *Roman* hiſtory, as bright examples of conjugal virtues and affection. Among theſe characters are ARRIA, PORTIA, OCTAVIA, CORNELIA, CALPHURNIA, TERENTIA, and LUCRETIA, &c. &c. whoſe exemplary and heroic conduct, I believe, would counterbalance all the bad Roman wives you hint at: For theſe were ladies, poſſeſſed of thoſe ſovereign charms, that might have warmed the heart of an Anchoret, or moved the apathy of a Stoic; and the man who could be inſenſible to them, muſt, comparatively ſpeaking, have been a *rock*, or a *God:* For the intrinſic excellence of their characters appeared ſo ſtrongly, under the moſt arduous trials, that hiſtorians have not been thought

to

to flatter, nor poets been capable to deſcribe, their worth; each being more ſenſible of their perfections, than maſters of language, to expreſs them. But you decline example, and ſay, "nature is your directreſs, and reaſon your guide." From the dictates of nature and reaſon, then I will preſume to anſwer you.

I believe it is beyond diſpute, that the bounteous God of Nature made, and intended, the ſexes for mutual comfort, and aſſiſtants to each other; and inſtituted marriage as the cement of the moſt tender and uſeful friendſhips: Our Saviour himſelf honoured *it* with his preſence, and *his beginning of miracles* was turning the *water* into *wine*, as is thought, to ſupport the innocent feſtivity of a nuptial feaſt. But if we renounce the ſacred union, becauſe of its neceſſary cares, or the unhappineſs that hath ſometimes attended the ſtate, we may, from the ſame mode of reaſoning, put a period to our lives, becauſe it may prove unhealthy, or ſquander away our poſſeſſions, for fear of the invaſions of fire or water.

You tell us, it is no ſatire upon marriage to declare, "there is little dependance to be had upon ſo inconſtant a machine as the female heart." Give me leave to aſk you, SATIRUS, if this is the caſe, is not the fault much more *your's*, than *our's?* Is not the power of chuſing partners for life, veſted ſolely in your ſex, as well as the making *laws*, by which you govern us at home and abroad? Arrogance and ſelf-conceit cannot well be concealed in a woman's boſom; therefore is not want of judgment in making the alliance, or afterwards want of tenderneſs, fidelity, or temper in the *huſband*, the too general ſource of that uneaſineſs you impute to the perverſeneſs of the *wife?* I appeal to truth, let conſcience anſwer the queſtion *. When the

* I think I have many times had reaſon to ſuſpect, that a man has been offended at an amiable wife, when the conduct of an inſolent miſtreſs gave the private occaſion: Nay, I have known a man whoſe paſſions have, long ago, taken leave of his underſtanding, that has been, to the utmoſt degree, capricious and inſulting to a moſt worthy woman, for no other provocation, than combating his violence with the utmoſt efforts of complaiſance and innocence, for which ſhe was repaid by cruelty.

*libertine*

*libertine* takes place of the *huſband*, a man, in ſerious reflection, cannot approve his own conduct; or, in other words, ſtand the tribunal of *himſelf:* Then, from the inward perplexities of guilt, he wants ſomebody to blame, ſome one to accuſe; and what vaſſal will bear this treatment with ſo much patience as an innocent wife? Thus, Sir, when you turn a rebel to the ſovereignty of reaſon, and make what profligates falſely call pleaſure your idol, that takes offence at ſober wedlock, becauſe it brings its truant votaries into ſome degree of bondage. Sweetneſs of temper, prudence, virtue, and delicacy of mind, cannot fix the heart of a wanderer: But ſurely his nature muſt be very cruel! who can ſlight that woman, whoſe confidence in his integrity put her perſon and fortune in his power. A woman, of a generous ſpirit, will not grow upon indulgence; but when ſhe is treated like a friend, will always be ambitious that her conduct honours that diſtinction; and a man of noble, refined ſentiments, will find himſelf more rationally gratified in the fervent attachment of ſuch a

*wife*, than with the paſſive *obedience* of *one*, who from puſillanimity of ſoul, and contracted humility, has become his abject ſlave. I think it is an obſervation of the pious Dr. HENRY's, that when the all-creating Power formed the firſt woman from the rib of ADAM, "he did not take her from his head, becauſe ſhe was not to be the head of her huſband; nor from his feet, becauſe ſhe was not to be trampled upon; but from his ſide,—under his arm to be protected, and, neareſt his heart, to be beloved."

A pure mind, that, like our firſt parents, was attracted by a ſimilar object, knows no groveling ideas, but is refined and matured by time. Such love is the offspring of reaſon; and not having the leaſt alliance with depravity, may, probably, make what is a human paſſion in this life, by an eaſy tranſition, become a divine one in the next: But in order to ſuch an union, it muſt be allowed on each ſide, that the niceſt circumſpection and delicacy is requiſite, before we blend our ſouls, and riſk our happineſs on that ocean, where ſuch numbers have been ſhip-

wrecked! for want of paying attention to thoſe delicate circumſtances, which are well expreſſed to be *the ſecret wings of nuptial felicity*. When this beſt of human paſſions is regulated by the beſt of principles, it may innocently aſpire to its congenial ſoul, and hope to retain its undivided affection.

" True tender love one even temper keeps,
" 'Tis reaſon's flame, and burns when paſſion ſleeps."

This uniſon of ſoul, and reciprocal endearments of connubial friendſhip, is finely illuſtrated in the bright example of PLINY and his CALPHURNIA, and CICERO and his TERENTIA *. But many talk of *love*, that

* Theſe Roman wives are upon record for their honour and obedience to their huſbands; but they were both allied to men of diſtinguiſhed good ſenſe and good-nature; for without that latter quality wiſdom is not always kind, and folly is brutal. Not the moſt ſhining intellectual endowments can atone for the want of good-nature, and complacency of temper; but when this endearing excellence is the conſtant echo of every ſentiment, we are never afraid of the poignant laſh of *ſatire*, for every inadvertency of expreſſion. Such virtue is grafted on the ſtock of manly ſenſe, and when ſoftened by good breeding, conveys the moſt pleaſing and inſtructive leſſons, to all within its influence.

know

know nothing of it but the appellation, being as inſenſible to that heavenly paſſion, as the beaſts in the field. A well-placed love is frequently a ſtrong ſecurity againſt the allurements of vice; for the moſt rigid virtue does not extinguiſh the tender ſentiments, but only regulates the conduct. I have read, that the miniſters of Louis the Fourteenth of France, when pleading for the weakneſs of their maſter, ſaid, "A woman ſoftens the manners of the prince;—ſhe makes him acceſſible to intreaty;—ſhe calms his reſentment;—ſhe warns him of his faults;—ſhe inſpires him with the love of glory, and of the arts;—ſhe gives him that gentleneſs,—that moderation, which renders authority ſo ſweet, and obedience ſo eaſy." Probably this was ſpoken relative to Madame de Maintenon's influence with the French monarch. We are told, that the French formerly debarred from their tournaments all perſons that were accuſed of having ſpoke of the ladies in a ſlighting manner: Their conduct, in this particular, was not directed by a principle of humanity, or influenced by galantry,

try, but proceeded from views merely political. They were perſuaded, that the greater reſpect is paid to women, the more anxious they will be to merit eſteem; and the heart that is frigidly inſenſible to the reſpect due to our ſex, can hardly be warm enough to be enamoured with the delicate charms of virtue.

But this influence is what you would perſuade your friend to reſiſt, on a plea, that the female heart is not to be underſtood. Weak ſubterfuge! the plain key of direct truth, will generally open the moſt worthy female hearts; and if you would wiſh to gain an aſcendant over one, do not aſſume a myſterious behaviour, in order to render your own inexplicable. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, will not be leſſened by communication: If you have a ſuperior portion of the latter to the woman you are partial to, fear not to impart it, nor allow yourſelf to think her too ſilly a creature, to be treated with, on the line of veracity. Take the wiſe man's advice, and *teach her not an evil leſſon againſt yourſelf.* I think a judicious woman's

woman's regard for a man, is raiſed in proportion to that eſteem he holds among the moſt worthy part of his own ſex. Good ſenſe, ſolid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, and deſire of obliging, inſpires a confidential friendſhip, even in a common acquaintance. How much higher then muſt that eſteem riſe in a tender, ſacred union, when a woman finds the conduct of her huſband reflects a dignity on herſelf? A glory which ſhe muſt feel elate her heart, when the ſuffrage of public favour, and atteſtation of private friends, voluntarily gives in a teſtimony of that man's worth, to whom ſhe has entruſted her happineſs, and in whoſe deſerved honours ſhe is permitted to ſhare. This was the happy lot of TERENTIA, the wife of CICERO, I before mentioned; and it roſe in her boſom a pireneal ſpring of the moſt ſatisfactory felicity! A felicity! a love! that was not ſubject to decay, becauſe it was fixed on a noble baſis, and therefore rather increaſed than diminiſhed, when it was attacked by the rough ſhocks of fortune: For we are told, that it was the unwearied ſolici-

tations

tations of this worthy wife, that reſtored CICERO from exile, to his country, and herſelf. Who, leſs happy than herſelf, can tell, how ſolid and tranſporting her joy muſt have been! thus to be permitted to increaſe his, who was not leſs an object of eſteem and admiration to the world, than to her partial regard? But how ſweetly noble is it, to ſee CICERO, that ſhone with the brighteſt luſtre in the forum or ſenate of Rome! deſcending from the awful and majeſtic character of the firſt orator in the roſtrum to domeſtic life, and there converſe, or correſpond, with all the manly tenderneſs of a huſband and father? I muſt indulge myſelf in tranſcribing a paſſage from one of his letters, that ſpeaks his tender regard, when writing, at a time of his exile, to his wife. "Support yourſelf, my dear TERENTIA, as well as you are able. We have lived and flouriſhed together, amidſt the greateſt honours: It is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have diſtreſſed us.—Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am afflicted with your ſorrow, more than my own. Farewel, my TERENTIA, thou dear-

eſt,

eſt, faithfuleſt, and beſt of wives!" Such a man as CICERO was will form, improve, and refine the underſtanding of his wife; and, at the ſame time, his generous ſoul will ſcorn to triumph in, or contend for, that arbitrary government, which does not belong to a limited monarchy.

The good Lord LYTTELTON thought, (with the ſapient king) *that a good wife was a crown to her huſband, and his heart might ſafely truſt in her,* &c. &c. Such diſtinguiſhed regard he paid to his lady's virtues, which was, in every character and line of domeſtic duty, ſo ſuperlatively excellent! that he was ſo good to tell us, no one but her huſband knew how to ſet a juſt value on them. In his monody on her death, his lordſhip ſaid,

We were the happieſt pair of human kind!
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte the ſame, &c. &c*.

* Vide Lord LYTTELTON's Monody, on Lady LUCY LYTTELTON's death.

And

And ſpeaking of women in another place, this noble lord was pleaſed to ſay, "true female praiſe, like the muſic of the ſpheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal progreſs in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild influence on the world." But this happy influence is not what you will admit of in your depreciating arguments: For another bold charge you bring againſt our ſex is, "that every woman, if not by nature, is by habit an hypocrite; and taught to diſguiſe their hearts from the nurſery to the marriage altar." Ah, SATIRUS! can you truly ſay that this imputed fault originates with us? Is it not your ſex that have taught our feet to tread the intricate paths of deceit? Does not the father tell his little daughter, many things of which her innocent heart had no perception? Is ſhe not too often introduced into ſeminaries of diſſimulation, by too early

early leading her into life, before her infant judgment knows how to chuſe the good, and reject the evil in ſociety? To this girliſh inexperience, the pretended *lover* ſucceeds, with his JANUS face, and train of artifices; putting on the air, and adopting the language of a ſupplicant, in order to become the poor girl's maſter, at the time he profeſſes himſelf to be her ſlave: To gain her too credulous ear, what proteſtations of everlaſting love, profound adoration, and all the rhapſody of nonſenſe his ſhallow wit can muſter for the purpoſes of deceit, will not the hypocrite uſe to impoſe on that underſtanding, a real lover ought to protect and improve? Miſled by unmeaning compliment, and extravagant encomiums on fading *beauty*, perhaps the poſſeſſor, not having MINERVA at her elbow, may be tempted to think of herſelf more highly than ſhe ought; and, from being addreſſed on the footing of a goddeſs in courtſhip, ſhe may think herſelf entering into elyſium, when ſhe enters the pales of wedlock. But alas! when the imaginary deity is dwindled into a *mere wife*, and ſhe becomes the property of a weak

or tyrannical huſband, what, before marriage he called immortal charms, he looks down on with contempt, and all her excellencies are frittered away to a mere nothing. Now, Sir, is not this ſuppoſed metamorphoſis in the woman, owing more to the hypocriſy and inconſtancy of the man, than to any real change in herſelf? I think ſo, and, of conſequence, that the charge of hypocriſy brought againſt our ſex, ſtrongly retorts upon your's,

"For making marriage vows as falſe as dicers oaths."

Another cauſe of ſecret diſguſt you inſinuate againſt ſome few individuals among women, is, "that they are too ſenſible to be *wives*." So futile an argument muſt, in a manner, refute itſelf; and therefore I ſhall ſay but little to it. Surely ſuch ideas can only exiſt in very weak minds, or proud, turbulent, and imperious ſpirits. Thoſe illiberal beings cannot bear to ſee a ſuperiority of talents in a wife, though ſhe, and all her excellencies, were his in full property. When this is the caſe, every petty diſtinction, or trifle, gives umbrage to the haughty man, who thinks

thinks every compliment paid to his wife's capacity and judgment, a reflection on his own. But ſurely a woman, that knows herſelf and duty, will not wiſh to uſurp a preeminence in knowledge: Let her mental endowments be ever ſo great, ſhe will rather try to veil, than render them conſpicuous, in theſe delicate circumſtances: For her ſupreme felicity muſt conſiſt more in appearing amiable to her huſband, than in gaining the plaudits of the world. Howſoever, a true generous temper will not wiſh to cramp and fetter an exalted mind in any laudable purſuit, though a little out of the feminine ſphere, whilſt her real duties are not neglected in it. It is too certain, there are men of ſordid and low ideas, that bow to the hymeneal fane; and theſe may perhaps allow themſelves a few holidays, after the prieſt has permitted them to aſſume the epithet of *huſband*; and in this convivial ſeaſon, they may, like ruſtics at a feſtival, think it proper to aſſume their beſt manners, while they wear their wedding cloaths. But ſevere winters generally ſucceed warm ſummers, and then a change of apparel takes

place, and complaiſance is laid by with the nuptial ſuit, till perhaps they are both out of faſhion with the inſolent man, or forgot they have ever been worn by him. Then haughty controul is the habiliment of the *huſband*, for his groſs organs of ſight having been dazzled with imaginary perfections in his wife, he now beholds imaginary faults, and loſes the real diſtinction of objects. With Sir JOHN BRUTE in the play, marriage, to ſuch a one, clouds his *five ſenſes*; and his affections are no longer drawn to that perſon, that ought to be the centre of his attraction: Is it poſſible, that this unmerited change of behaviour, from weak, mutable fondneſs, to ſtrong diſguſt and ſharp reproach, can produce a moral union of ſouls, between the rugged and the mild? It is well known there are ſuch private tyrants, whom no national laws can govern: How hard then for meek wives to ſubmit to be governed by *them!* and bear a galling yoke without complaint! When a woman is the legal ſlave of ſuch a deſpotic ſovereign! how can ſhe act with propriety in his eyes? whoſe behaviour

to

to her is more churliſh, inſulting, imperious, and arbitrary, than a NABAL's, or a Nabob's. Theſe URSA-MAJORS, theſe PETTIFOGGERS in matrimonial laws, will pervert the moſt expreſſive and ſofteſt language from a *wife*, to meanings very foreign from what her ſpeech conveyed:

> Like peſtilential winds, it blaſts her words,
> With churliſh ſullenneſs, or keen-edg'd ſwords.

How does this conduct, or ſalt-petre, nip in the bud the tender affections, or growing eſteem of a *wife!* and make the proſpect of happineſs from her partner, appear like romantic dreams of viſionary bliſs! Nothing but the exerciſe of paſſive virtues, and Chriſtian fortitude, can enable her to bear ſuch a lot with diſcreet chearfulneſs: It being inconſiſtent with our frail compoſition, and natural imbecillities, to exemplify the ſtrength of angelic beings, under ſuch arduous trials.

But on the other hand, when *men* look on themſelves as the guardians of the mind and perſons of *women*, and more eſpecially thoſe with whom they are contracted in the neareſt

and

and moſt ſacred bond of alliance, they may reaſonably expect, in the ſoothings of a companionable *love*, a felicity far more permanent, than the external objects of ſenſe have to preſent them with. Agreeable ſociety, in domeſtic life, has a powerful charm to calm the tumults, and heal the wounds of that heart, which has found wealth, titles, and all the ſublunary joys of the mad ambitious world, empty and deluſive.—Conſult experience, and you will find this happineſs *has*, and may be *found*, from a *woman*, who, from motives of duty and affection, ſtudies to be faithful, complaiſant, obliging, and if you will demand the harſh, hard word, *obedient*: For let the lordly ſovereignty of a huſband appear like the majeſtic oak, tall and ſpreading, yet, when brought to the bed of ſickneſs, or arreſted by misfortune, his boaſted ſuperiority will fade away, like the ſhort-lived gourd of a night; and then he muſt be rendered dependent on his inferior partner, for all thoſe tender, humane, humble offices, which ſmooths the languor of diſeaſe, and ſoftens the couch of confinement. To con-

temn marriage, is caſting a kind of reflection on our parents, to whom we owe our exiſtence; but if men, in high health and affluence, will purſue guilty attachments, and deſpiſe legal ones, only to have a large range in the dreary paths of libertiniſm, they muſt not hope for thoſe ſoothing conſolations in the evening of life, which married men find, that have lived in the ſtate according to its laws.

Thoſe men I know, who are peculiarly happy in the connubial ſtate, are thoſe that paid a greater attention to the interior accompliſhments, or ſuitable qualifications in a wife, than to her fortune: But that latter attraction, with the preſent votaries for wedlock, weighs down all other endowments, and bears a ſtronger ſway in the mind of the lover, than the united charms of thoſe noble matrons I mentioned before, that were the glory of the Roman ſtate. It is an opinion as orthodox as the church, (for the language comes from a divine) "that if a man, in theſe days, aſked for a daughter in marriage of her *father*, and he replied in the words of

St. PETER, ſilver and gold have I none; but *ſuch as I have give I thee*: If the maid were endowed with the obedience of SARAH, the beauty of RACHEL, the prudence of ABIGAIL, the humility of ESTHER, the piety of ANNA, and the virtue of the Virgin MARY, it would be found an inſufficient dowry on the daughter's ſide:" And to expreſs myſelf, SATIRUS, verbatim, in your own words, "If this truth is not a ſtandard for the modern contractors for matrimony, and the cavillers can prove that I hang out falſe colours, let me be thoroughly degraded; let my paper be torn before my face in the field of battle, the *church*, and my pen be ignominiouſly ſplit over my head."

I may as well pretend to reckon the ſtars in the firmament, or caſt up the ſands on the ſea-ſhore, as to recount the number of good wives, either in ancient or modern times: I will therefore give but one more example of each, whoſe fortitude and affection to their huſbands ſurpaſſed every other object; and if their conduct will not convince you, that the *female heart is to be underſtood*, and confute

your illiberal opinion of *the hypocriſy of women*, I ſhall leave you to your own ſordid ſentiments, with this wiſh, (for the good of ſociety) that you may have no heir to inherit them.

The firſt example I ſhall now mention is, that of the renowned PENELOPE, which you may take as follows:

ICARIUS placed a ſtatue of modeſty, about thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, to perpetuate the following incident: Having married his daughter to ULYSSES, he ſolicited his ſon-in-law to fix his houſhold in Sparta, to which ULYSSES would not conſent. Fruſtated in his application to the huſband, he made the like requeſt to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but ſeeing them ready to depart, he redoubled his efforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to deſiſt from following the chariot in the way!—ULYSSES ſhocked at the deſperate ſituation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, ſays to his wife, "You can beſt anſwer this requeſt; it is your's to determine whether you remain with your

your father at Sparta, or depart with your huſband for Ithaca? you are miſtreſs of the deciſion." PENELOPE finding herſelf in this dilemma, bluſhed,—and without making the leaſt reply, drew her veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial to her father's requeſt, and ſunk into the arms of her huſband. ICARIUS being very ſenſibly affected by this behaviour, conſecrated a ſtatue to *Modeſty*, on the very ſpot where PENELOPE had thrown the veil over her face, that it might ever after be an univerſal ſymbol of delicacy and conjugal affection with the fair ſex. To evince this argument, the laſt inſtance I ſhall refer you to is, the affecting ſtory of the ſpirit, enterpriſe, and diſtreſs of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND, in her paſſage through *Canada*, to attend her huſband upon his ſick-bed, in a poor hut at Chamblee. The courage and reſolution of this tender wife was very great! for ſhe traverſed a vaſt ſpace of country, in different extremities of ſeaſon, and with difficulties that an European traveller * will not eaſily conceive; and

* Vide Weſtminſter Magazine for February, 1780.

others of ſuch uncommon magnitude this lady encountered with, that it abſolutely aſtoniſhed General Burgoyne! Notwithſtanding he was ready to believe, from experience, all that could be ſaid of female merit, and that patience and fortitude in a ſupreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the moſt tender form. It is to this General we owe the generous communication of this recent ſpecimen of the chaſte and ſober principles of rational love and connubial duty: The ſlighting of which, occaſioned this letter from

PHILANTHEA.

P. S. Far, very far, it is from my deſign or wiſh, to enter myſelf as a champion in the field of controverſy; I know, SATIRUS, my powers are very unequal to the combat. Nor is there any debate excluſive of the reputation and honour of my ſex, or the dictates of religion, that ſhould draw me in a willing reſpondent to ſubjects of debate.

THE

# INCONSTANCY OF MAN:

## ADDRESSED TO A LIBERTINE, WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE HIS CHARACTER.

IF I could cleanſe th' Augean ſtable,
To grant your wiſh I might be able;
But much more ſtrength is here requir'd,
Than ever HERCULES acquir'd.
To give your character on paper,
Might ſoon reduce me t' a taper;
To chace the pen whole nights and days,
Deſcribing of your mazy ways!
Beſides, ſuch reptile pleaſures ſtrive
To keep inconſtant *Man* alive,
That ſome I wou'd not chuſe,—wou'd throng,
To have a place in female ſong.
Hiſtorians muſt not write, to deck,
Like painters, portraits for the neck;
Who, for to gain ſome poor renown,
With bays will ſtick a vacant clown!
Such arts I ſcorn t' adorn a picture!
And with ſuch ne'er will daub my ſtricture.

But if you ſtill demand my verſe,
Briefly I will my thoughts rehearſe;
And dare to tell you, to your face,
Thoſe faults your better ſenſe diſgrace.
Fickle as wind, free as the wave,
To paſſion, and to vice a ſlave!
Now courting BACCHUS,—next gay VENUS;
Sometimes Morality,—then a Rebus:
Sometimes a JUNO,—then ORINDA;
Sometimes a LAIS,—then ZELINDA;
Sometimes in wond'ring ſenate loud,
Next in a b—th—l quite as proud:
One time as great as WOLFE in arms;
And next, to guard the ſtate from harms,
Can ſwear,—game,—rave,—act the buffoon,
And from red MARS turn the poltroon;
And think of pray'rs and vows no more,
Than ſhipwreck'd ſailors when on ſhore.
Had I BRIAREUS' heads and hands,
I could not paint thoſe many bands,
Which ſtill your wand'ring paths perplex,
And makes a CENTAUR of your ſex!
Then why ſhould you once wiſh to ſee,
So futile an epitome!
You know this character is true;
But, Sir,—what will it make of you?

PHILANTHEA.

ADVICE

# A D V I C E

## TO A REV'REND CLERIC, NEAR HIS GRAND CLIMACTERIC, THAT LATELY HAS BEEN, IN LOVE WITH NINETEEN.

'TIS a maxim I've heard, agen and agen,
Whoe'er ſcorns our ſex till fifty and ten;
In revenge for the ſlight, the arm'd God of love,
Some time or another, the *Stoic* will move;
For CUPID, th' archer, will never let go
The *man*, that to beauty and love is a foe;
But as ſure as he's blind, will certain impart
A touch of love's magic, to ſoften his heart:
And, Doctor, in ſpite of grave precepts, you find
How ſlily this *urchin* has wounded your mind.
By int'reſt and love you're ſorely oppreſt!
Their torments alternately rankle your breaſt:
Theſe fetters ſo irkſome,—you cannot endure;
Then hearken to me, I'll give eaſe, if not cure.
Sip not, dear Doctor, POLLY's liquid fire,
'Twill break your reſt, and irritate your ire;
To ſooth your pain you ſwallow draughts of love,
Enough t'intoxicate the Gods above!

You gaze with rapture,—then, exclaiming, cry,
" Maugre her ſmiles,—there's ruin in her eye!"
Retreat, good Sir, from this enchanting maid,
And let your paſſion be by prudence ſway'd;
For would your rev'rence bend to reaſon's voice,
Wiſdom cou'd never juſtify this choice.
Call in philoſophy, to give you eaſe
In this moſt piteous, direful diſeaſe!
The charming girl, whom all your ſex admire,
Would fain to friendſhip—turn this wand'ring fire:
Nor can her gratitude eſteem refuſe,
When, of all *women*, her alone you'd chuſe,
To ſoften all the cares of future life,
" And be that Chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife."
But ſince that tender tie will ne'er take place,
'Twill on your wooing ſet a better grace,
T' accept the friendſhip of this virtuous fair,
'Tis all, alas!—you e'er with her will ſhare!
Ah! let that ſatisfy your wond'rous flame,
Nor blaſt it with an ardent lover's name;
No ſtream ſalubrious will that flame aſſuage,
When paſſion takes the lead of ſapient *age*;
Reject the claret from this lovely laſs,
Leſt CUPID's darts electrify the glaſs.
Abſence may help,—love's cure is ſeldom known,
The God of Phyſic cou'd not cure his own.

PHILANTHEA.

TO

TO

# BENEVOLUS:

WITH A TURKEY; AND THOUGHTS ON THE DUTY OF CHARITY, AND HAPPY INFLUENCE OF CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

I Should be unjuſt to the grateful ſenſibilities I feel glowing in my heart, were I not to ſay, that I regard your invitation to dinner at this feſtival as a ſatisfactory honour, and will embrace it as ſuch, if you will do me the favour to give welcome to a trifling preſent to-day. It owed its birth to a diſtant county*, that is famous for breeding beauties of this ſpecies, both majeſtic and delicate. Your reception of this traveller, muſt be the terms on which I promiſe my company Saturday next. Accept my ſilent

* Norwich.

harbinger that accompanies this, and a certain loquacious female will follow. I will preſume to plead her apology for approaching you in undreſs, in the following lines:

A bird without feathers, in this feather'd age,
The belles nor the foplings can hope t' engage;
JUNO's bird may in plumage lure the gay ſenſe,
But this to ſuch trappings could ne'er make pretence.
You need not be told, a train's but a feather,
No ſhield againſt ſtorms, or this froſty weather;
But this lady's charms are now in the mode,
When turkies and chines preſs each London road.
Let feathers and gewgaws then drop with the year,
And Britain's fair daughters will brighter appear;
Now winter chill froſts ſtrips the earth of her green,
And nature's ſweet herbage can ſcarcely be ſeen
On mis'ry to look, and its wants to redreſs,
More pleaſure imparts, than a holiday dreſs.
I hope, worthy knight, my protector, my friend,
You'll allow me bright *Charity* here to commend.
O CICERO! had I thy eloquence,
Thy pleading powers, or thy ſterling ſenſe!
I would intreat the rich, from pole to pole,
To let ſweet charity expand their ſoul;
The bliſs of bliſſes, is relieving thoſe
Whom indigence o'erwhelms in ſilent woes:
'Tis charity inſures celeſtial praiſe,
More noble far than idle pomp can raiſe.

This

This emanation of th'all-bounteous Mind,
Exalts our fame, and makes our ſouls refin'd;
Nay more, we have the ſacred promiſe giv'n,
Theſe deeds will prove our harbingers to heav'n;
And when in ruins this gay ſcene is hurl'd,
'Twill make us heirs of an immortal world.
Sharply doth BOREAS threaten tott'ring *huts*,
And poverty more ſharp than BOREAS cuts:
There let your charity with vigour glow,
Now winter *wraps the northern world in ſnow.*
Can all the glare of Afric's borrow'd plume,
(Which giddy faſhion and weak heads aſſume)
Give to the glory of BRITANNIA's Iſle,
The poliſh'd virtue, or the heart-felt ſmile?
Then bid relief with meek-ey'd pity join
'Tis this gives beauty bloom, and air divine,
And ev'ry muſe pays tribute at her ſhrine.
Say, is it greatneſs far abroad to roam,
Forgetful of our brethren's wants at home?
Let not benevolence take foreign tours,
But quick return to ſooth affliction's hours;
To dry the guſhing tears from mis'ry's eye,
That oft ſuffus'd in her own ſorrows lie!
This *ratio* of the ſoul gives certain eaſe,
Diſarms oppreſſion, mitigates diſeaſe,
Brightens the viſage of our adverſe fates,
And patient hopes ſpontaneouſly creates;
Some future bleſſings gen'rouſly foretels,
Which gloomy thoughts hides in her dreary cells.

Come

Come great HYGIÆA, from thy ſacred ſhade
Diſpenſe thy gifts, ere dire diſeaſe invade!
'Tis thine to raiſe the ſinking child of woe,
And o'er the pallid cheek freſh bloom beſtow.
Come charity, thou delegate from heav'n!
On angel's wing deſcend:——To thee 'tis giv'n
To ſcatter comforts with a lib'ral hand,
Which may entail a bleſſing on this land.
This conſecrates the charms of ev'ry *fair*,
And gives the ſoft and true enchanting air!
This paints the matron's cheek with vivid youth,
And feathers droop before celeſtial truth *.

I am

* THOMSON expreſſes himſelf with great commiſeration of indigence, and energy of thought, on this ſubject of diſtreſs, in his Winter-Piece. A few of thoſe lines I can't forbear tranſcribing at this ſevere ſeaſon.

How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs? How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery? Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty?———————
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many rack'd, with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs? How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh? Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,

That

I am afraid you will think, if the turkey is no better than her preface, it is a wretched paltry preſent! and in no reſpect worthy the acceptance of a baronet. I allow it; and, therefore, can only depend on your good-nature to take the effuſions of my heart, in an unpoliſhed dreſs. I have too many engagements at preſent, to wander on the Caſtalian plains in queſt of better poetry: This little flight is ſent in compliance with your repeated requeſt, to "try my wings in the poetical way." And, I believe, it will prove a ſufficient demonſtration, how little capable I am of obliging you in that airy region. My writing is from the heart, and to the heart; and whatſoever may be your opinion of the incloſed lines, let me intreat you to reſerve it for my private ear; I muſt beg

That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in its high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs, rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

they

they may not ſtand the critic teſt of thoſe celebrated geniuſes, whoſe preſence ſo often adorns your table. I am not afraid of the invidious ſneer of contempt from BENEVOLUS, and his company might reſtrain it in politeneſs to his correſpondent; but knowing how little I merit the ſmiles of approbation for writing, I dare not riſque the cenſure of any judgment but your's on that account: Whatſoever correction that gives me, I ſhall moſt cordially thank you for, and hope to improve by it.

Pleaſed as I am with anticipating the enjoyment I ſhall have in being one of your company on Saturday, give me leave to tell you, it is not from the ſtale amuſement of cards that I expect any ſatisfactory delight. Though I will grant cards to be

> An opportune relief, when converſe tires,
> Sprightly invention dies, and wit expires.

But as I have never known this to be the caſe with the company that incircles your board, I will not allow myſelf to imagine, your

your gueſts will be driven to ſo low an expedient, as ſhuffling, ranging, and detaching the counterfits of royalty to get rid of time. Theſe are deluſive joys at beſt! beſides, I know you don't love that one part of your company ſhould be entertained at the expence of the other. And therefore it may be juſtly obſerved of you, as of ſome old Roman, "that the entertainment he gave, did not only pleaſe the day given, but the day after." What is the luxury of the moſt ſplendid ſucceſſion of courſes, to the elegance of a deſert, which, like the tree of knowledge, is not forbidden fruit, but affords a free and delicious treat of ingenious and improving converſation. It is this voyage of the mind in which I love to embark with good company, rather than with the ſumptuous fare of an Epicurean collation. This ſubſtantial repaſt, never palls the appetite; but, on the contrary, gives it a new reliſh. And it is to me a much higher enjoyment of fortune than foreign ornaments, coſtly furniture, or ſplendid routs can afford. Thoſe are parts of your ample poſſeſſions

which

which I can behold without the leaſt emotion of envy or covetouſneſs. But the noble power of doing good the rich have, to thoſe in humbler circumſtances, and engaging what ſociety they pleaſe in their circle of gueſts, is to my apprehenſion, a very indulgent and deſirable bounty of Providence.

This grand feſtival uſed to be celebrated by perſons of rank and fortune, not only by the hoſpitality of their table to the convivial circle of their happy friends, but it alſo extended its generoſity to the leſs happy; to thoſe who could not afford to regale their neighbours, nor ſcarcely themſelves, with the neceſſary refreſhments of nature. Is it not great pity, ſuch a laudable and munificent cuſtom ſhould, in a manner, be loſt amongſt our nobility and gentry? I think it was productive of many good conſequences; one particularly was urbanity: For whatſoever little animoſities, and petty diſputes aroſe among neighbours, or betwixt landlord and tenant in the preceding year, the memory of it was extinguiſhed at a chearful meeting: There the antagoniſts balanced accounts with the old

old year, and began a new one with mutual, benevolent affections.

Imaginary ſlights or grievances on one ſide, often create real ones on the other, for want of an early explanation, which, like a growing diſeaſe, if not timely prevented, will have a fatal tendency, and pluck up philanthropy by the roots. Permit me to illuſtrate this truth, by relating the origin of an unhappy difference, which lately happened betwixt a proud high prieſt, and a tenacious country 'ſquire. The caſe was thus: On coming out of church, the divine made the cuſtomary compliment of his *hat* to the 'ſquire: The 'ſquire happened not to obſerve it; and merely from inadvertency did not, as uſual, return the civility. The next Sunday the parſon omitted this part of his duty to the 'ſquire, and from that period a coldneſs enſued, between thoſe perſons who had before lived many years in ſo ſtrict an amity, that it had an happy influence on the inferior inhabitants of their pariſh. Thus prepared for battle, hoſtilities commenced with rigour: The 'ſquire ſued the prieſt for non-reſidence;

and

and then his antagoniſt took his tythe in kind, and ſo they became mutual torments to each other, till their quarrel was decided by a law-ſuit, which coſt near a thouſand pounds to the contending parties. Now had theſe diſputants met in the infancy of their diſguſt, at a ſocial feaſt, no doubt but their quarrel would have been drowned in the cool tankard, or flowing bowl. I know many other ſimilar circumſtances, that from trifling occaſions, have riſen to an enormous and expenſive height, and broke the peace of a whole village, by engaging its inhabitants in the debates of their ſuperiors: For ſome of theſe reaſons, I cannot help thinking a Chriſtmas entertainment a laudable cuſtom; it being a common adage, *that all are alike at a feaſt:* There pride of rank forgets its prerogative, and in return for the condeſcenſion, conciliates eſteem and good offices, from thoſe perſons whoſe ill ones might be very detrimental to the public intereſt, or private happineſs, of an individual. It is in this view, and not in riotous meetings and nocturnal revels, that I ſee the utility of the ſocial bottle, which, like the ſtreams

of

of Lethe, drowns all contentious cares. Delightful oblivion of diſputes! from which the harpies of law could only reap a benefit. When the mind is dilated by convivial chearfulneſs, and gilded by the ſparkling radiance of wit and vivacity, (bounded by diſcretion and reciprocal confidence) it exhilirates the ſpirits, and the evil litigious one departeth, as SAUL's did, when DAVID played upon his harp before him.

Though titles are thought, by the conduct of ſome perſons who bear them, in a manner to vary the ſpecies of human nature; yet conſcious virtue cannot exalt itſelf into a contempt of its fellow-creatures, but will look upon urbanity and civility as a debt due to the meaneſt of them: And ſuch behaviour is, at all times, a letter of commendation with the more illiterate part of ſociety! Such perſons generally act upon haſty concluſions; and as they are influenced by affection, will become vindictive in reſentment, and active in perſecution; or, on the other hand, will be as violently carried away by the tide of impetuous applauſe. Whichſoever diſpoſition

ſways

ſways the uncultivated mind, it will operate to the utmoſt of its power; and it never ſhows itſelf more in its native colour, than at times of *election*; courteſy and generoſity is then ſure to get the votes of the vulgar, who do not ſo much regard the abilities of the candidate, the brilliancy of his underſtanding, the poignancy of his wit, nor the rectitude of his morals, as thoſe inferior qualities of hoſpitality and affability. The former is beyond their comprehenſion, and, like curious medals, only to be eſteemed at a high price, by an antiquarian, or virtuoſo: But every plebeian knows how to define *benevolence*, and *that* ſecures the eſteem of the populace; and their ſuffrages, in number, oftener brings a repreſentative of a county into parliament, ſooner than thoſe of their ſuperiors. At the ſame time, this humane habit does not burden the wearer, if conſtantly worn, nor deſtroy the health and morals of his conſtituents, to ſecure their intereſt. In this ſtate of fleeting enjoyments, no one knows how ſerviceable the good offices of the meaneſt mechanic may be to him, nor how conſequential

quential it is never to loſe a friend of any *rank*. If any ſeem wandering, the advice of SHAKESPEARE, in regard to Cardinal WOLSEY, is excellent:

——Love and meekneſs, lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again;
Caſt none away.——

In the ſame language, the poet makes Cardinal WOLSEY himſelf ſay to CROMWELL,

Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's:—Then if thou fall'ſt, O CROMWELL,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr.——

HENRY the Eighth, act the third, ſcene the ſixth.

There is ſomething very pleaſing in being permitted to expatiate on theſe duties to a gentleman, whoſe ſupreme delight it is to fulfil them. Otherwiſe, I ſhould not have given ſo free a ſcope to my pen on the various thoughts that have occurred to my roving

ing imagination, at this ſeaſon of mirth and feſtivity. A ſeaſon, no doubt it is, that calls for rational joy, as we ought to commemorate it in honour of our Saviour's birth. But I cannot allow myſelf to think they honour it, who ſpend more in the extravagance of one riotous day, with the night annexed to it, than would in a manner give life to many, who in this ſevere weather are periſhing with cold and hunger; whoſe diſtreſs I ſincerely wiſh I could as eaſily relieve as contemplate. The cold precepts of charity ſhould then, have a warmer enforcement than languid ſentiment can hope to have.

Not that I think it any ſort of good to ſupport idle vagrants, or thoſe ſturdy beggars who fill up every avenue of this great metropolis, and are as tenacious of their ſtand, as others are of their freeland or tenements. To give to theſe, may ſhew a charitable diſpoſition, but frequently it is injuring the commonwealth, by ſupporting wretches who are a burthen to it, with what ſhould relieve thoſe who, with a little aſſiſtance, might be very uſeful members of ſociety.

ciety. An ocean of wealth would not relieve the former, and their minds are ſo hardened, that they feel very little from their abject ſtate, compared to indigence in more delicate ſituations. I mean thoſe worthy perſons, who were uſhered into the world under the reign of Plutus, but from caſual circumſtances and unavoidable misfortune, have fallen from affluence, and are compelled to every mode of rigid frugality, to ſupport ſomewhat of a reſpectable appearance.

There are numbers of this unfortunate claſs, who have minds that would adorn a ſuperior rank in life; and having been accumſtomed to ſoften the calamities of others, know not to aſk relief for their own. The pious and benevolent Mrs. Rowe, uſed to ſay, "theſe perſons of all others were the moſt to be pitied, and called for the moſt delicate diſpenſations of bounty." Indeed ſhe erected a kind of temple for the unfortunate in her heart, and it was her ſupreme delight to place them in more eligible circumſtances; and when they were her gueſts, ſhe never let them feel their inferiority in external advan-

tages, or internal abilities: For there is a certain elevated grandeur of ſoul ſome perſons poſſeſs, which, like the rays of the *ſun*, communicates its warmth, and illuminates all around them. And ſuch is its benign influence, that it calls forth many latent good qualities, or perfections of others into light, by animating encouragement and polite addreſs; which otherwiſe might be obſcured by humility, or ſuppreſſed by modeſty. This part of improved humanity, to exalted ſpirits, carries with it its own reward, in the noble conſciouſneſs that attends their benevolence; a benevolence which is conſtantly exerciſed in finding out the unhappy, before the ſighing heart is ſunk by the waves of its own diſtreſs. What an emanation of the divine goodneſs! *who is always more ready to hear, than we to aſk*; and, like the God of Love, will not be limited to the rules of human conduct, but expands its beneficence far beyond all preſcribed ſtandards.

This active principle of divine generoſity is ſo much an inmate of your boſom, and the glory of your character, that it would be panegyric,

panegyric, were I to enlarge on that refined tenderneſs with which you diſpenſe liberality to indigent merit. You will not let virtue bow the knee in vain at the ſhrine of greatneſs, but will prevent her ſolicitation, reſtrain her bluſhes, confuſion and anxiety; and are impatient to dry up all tears, but thoſe of gratitude. Tender commiſeration regards theſe harbingers of diſtreſs, as ambaſſadors from the court of innocence; and immediately grants their ſilent requeſt, without inſulting them, at the ſame time, with wounds of reproach or contempt.

Such being the diſtinguiſhed glories of the reign of BENEVOLUS, it would be inhumanity to the world, not to wiſh you a long ſucceſſion of new years. May Providence preſerve a life that is ſo beneficial to others, till it has run its bright courſe of exalted virtue; and may each period of it be as happy as the viciſſitudes of human life will admit: But as your moſt fervent attachments has long been to a better, it cannot be the part of diſintereſted friendſhip, to wiſh to

detain you in the confines of a priſon, to an antediluvian age, when you are the heir of an immortal kingdom, and of years to enter on its inheritance. That you may, in due time, enjoy its full fruition, is the lively hope, and ardent wiſh, of

Your

PHILANTHEA.

A N

# ADDRESS TO MRS. WRIGHT,

WRITTEN BY DESIRE, AS A SMALL ATONEMENT FOR ACCIDENTALLY BREAKING THE BUST DESIGNED FOR HAMAN, AT HER WAX-WORK EXHIBITION.

WHILE patriots loud of factions prate,
Arraign the ſenate, curſe the ſtate,
And Britain's ſons her broils lament,
With comments on its dire extent;
While beaus to praiſe the fair unite,
And maſque and ball gives ſweet delight!
While crowds to hear dear GARRICK * throng,
And numbers court LEONI's ſong;
Where PATIENCE † kept her court, a maid
Went to ſolicit friendſhip's aid;
And at one view to feaſt her ſight,
With wond'rous works of Mrs. WRIGHT!

* This was written the laſt week of GARRICK's acting on the ſtage, and on the night of a grand maſquerade.

† Mrs. WRIGHT's chriſtian name is PATIENCE.

There *wax*, like magic, can aſſume
Great GEORGE's mien, and CHARLOTTE's bloom;
With all the grace and looks divine,
That ſpeaks the charms of Brunſwick's line!
But, PATIENCE, thou canſt never give
Theſe moulded figures pow'r to live,
Without that pow'rful ſparkling fire,
Which firſt did mortal man inſpire:
PROMETHEUS 'twas, (I think they ſay)
That from rude chaos form'd his clay;
And then ſtole fire from above,
To make the new-wrought image move,
Might'ſt thou this animation give,
Through every clime thy fame wou'd live.
By transformation, JOVE is ſaid
To captivate each earthy maid;
The ſtately *bull*, the ſimple *ant*,
We're told th' unwary cou'd enchant;
The ſnowy *ſwan*, the tow'ring *eagle*,
Were ſhapes coy damſels to inveigle;
Still haunting ev'ry grot and bow'r,
Till he arrived at DANÆ's tow'r,
Deſcending in a golden ſhow'r.
But what are all theſe freaks of JOVE,
But to denote his will to rove?
Mere tricks to ſhow his Godſhip's pow'r,
In rambling thus from flow'r to flow'r;
But maugre all his emigration,
To court the fair of ev'ry nation.

Ne'er

Ne'er cou'd this mighty fire of thunder,
Attract the eye with ſo much wonder!
As conſtant PATIENCE, by her ſkill,
Can mould her art to ev'ry will.
Her wax work'd up by gentle heat,
Seems with internal life to beat;
Nobles and heroes calm we ſee,
From toils of ſtate and int'reſt free;
But while their buſto's charm'd the eye,
(Nor guilt was near, nor danger nigh)
Black Monday * lour'd with ſolemn gloom,
And ſpread its terrors round the room.
No *light militia* had in truſt,
The keeping of proud HAMAN's *buſt*,
That revel'd in the wild career
Of fancy'd bliſs, and royal cheer;
Exulting in joy's fickle ſtate,
Behold,—the monſter cruſh'd by fate!
When his ambition thought the hour
Was near, to ſhow his dreaded pow'r,
Juſtice divine! with ſudden blow,
Watch'd cloſe his guilt, and laid him low:
Though ſlow, her feet are ſure to move,
Yet her hard hands this maxim prove,
" To no *prime miniſter* is given,
" The power to ward the blows of heaven."
Too well the lovely ESTHER knew,
What to her ſect and cauſe was due;

* Mrs. WRIGHT entertaining an idea, that *Monday* was always inauſpicious to her.

She would not ſtrive his life to ſave,
That ſought the Jews untimely grave;
And faithful MORDECAI was bent,
To fruſtrate HAMAN's baſe intent;
Thus often woes, unſeen, attend
Envy and pride, that ne'er defend
The private good, or nation's weal,
But conſtant from its int'reſts ſteal.
Then mourn no more this fav'rite's buſt,
Much better heads are cruſh'd in duſt:
I only grieve—my *brain* you tax,
Poor recompence! for broken *wax*,
Can I this accident repay,
By rhyming out a ſtupid lay?

PHILANTHEA.

TO

TO

# SOPHIA:

## ON THE EDUCATION OF A DAUGHTER;

OR,

## THE LEADING IMPROVEMENTS OF JUVENILE MINDS.

YOUR letter lies before me, and I am greatly honoured by the good opinion you entertain of my ſentiments, in regard to the inſtruction of youth.—As a ſingle woman, I think myſelf incapable of anſwering your requeſt with propriety; and I am well convinced you are a perfect miſtreſs of the ſubject, both in practice and theory, you condeſcend to ſolicit from me. You politely ſay, "you was ſtruck with my thoughts on the manner of conveying inſtruction to juvenile minds," and requeſt ſome farther ſentiments from me in writing, on that topic of our late converſation.

Learning is irkſome to youth, till they have gained ſome ground in its paths. The ignorance of it is certainly more a child's infelicity, than fault; for grown perſons cannot ſet about that work with delight, of which they have no perception. But when we have made ſome progreſs in it, the taſk becomes more eaſy, nay, often highly pleaſing. Application helps us to ſurmount great difficulties; but this is not an agreeable leſſon to youthful vivacity, though of the utmoſt importance to be practiſed, by thoſe who would wiſh to make a progreſs in learning. But I am very ſenſible, however deſirous the mind may be of improvement, it is not always equally ſuſceptible of inſtruction: And when it is moſt untractable, I would not, at that time, wiſh to croud the memory with a variety of precepts or injunctions, which may be more likely to extinguiſh a faint glimmering flame, than to make it burn clear or ſtrong. In this caſe, we ſhould imitate ſkilful phyſicians, who never load the ſtomach with more than the patient can digeſt. Perhaps the eager wiſhes of parents cannot brook

delay, when a little patience on their ſide might produce a more happy turn of mind in the *child*, than a book of rules or arguments can effect. You tell me, your "daughter C. has now juſt entered her fourteenth year, an age when reflection, at leaſt, ſhould begin to take place." I allow it: But at the ſame time give me leave to obſerve, that reflection will not come into the ſoul exactly at that period of life we moſt anxiouſly expect it; for ſome geniuſes, like ſome fruits, ripen not till late, but then they often retain the moſt laſting flavour. Doubtleſs, where the mind is impreſſed with ſtrong paſſions and ſuſceptibilities, it requires unremitting care in the cultivation, not to ſubdue, but direct them to their proper ends, that *paſſion itſelf* may be productive of merit. If the mind is depreſſed, it ſinks into an inactivity or gloom, which impairs her faculties, and renders them uſeleſs to ſociety: Therefore, I think due praiſe and encouragement, whenever we have the ſhadow of room for it, invigorates the powers to reſolution and perſeverance, and prevents their growing languid.

" If good or evil were, like maternal affection, the ſpontaneous production of intelligent natures, then the propenſity of our actions would be as independent of our wills, as the growth of our perſons, or caſt of our features. But then theſe reſpective tendencies and effects, could command no reſpect, nor deſerve no cenſure, becauſe they derive their ſource from a kind of original compulſion. Self-applauſe, or ſelf-condemnation, would then loſe its weight in the human mind; " and conſcience could not erect its wonted bar."—But as this is not the caſe in created beings, and we are naturally prone to evil, and *folly is wrapt up in the heart of a child*, I imagine few *parents* muſt expect unconſtrained obedience; yet as few prudent ones will extort it with a high hand; thoſe that do, I have obſerved, to be paid very reluctantly: But when the affections are kindled by complacency, and inſpired with confidential love, before diſappointments ſour the mind, and contracts its ideas, filial duty, wakened by gratitude, will prompt more to a willing obedience, than any coercive meaſures

ſures, or even a code of laws could effect. There is a native freedom of ſoul that prides itſelf in choice and liberty, and in ingenuous, active minds, will often incite them to perform more difficult labours than the moſt rigid taſk-maſter could enjoin: And when reaſon, aided by emulation, begins its work this way, it greatly facilitates the progreſs in learning, and makes the mind happy in reflection on its own attainments; and when that point is gained, I imagine the paſſions may ſoon be brought under due regulation, without much controul from parents or preceptors: For when we obſerve reaſon to be its guide, chearful duty will follow; and that produces ſuch an acquieſcence in the underſtanding, that it meliorates the heart, and makes it expand with its own goodneſs.

But that habit of unreaſonable mortification, and needleſs contradiction, which I have known ſome mother's exert, in company of ſtrangers, to their daughters, has excited fretfulneſs in the latter, and, in a manner, chained up their power of pleaſing: For the foſtering rays of encouragement call forth many latent virtues of the ſoul, which the

chill blaſts of rigid auſterity nips in the bud. —Reproof is juſtly ſaid to loſe its force, when it is continually beating on the drum of the ear; or, when exhauſted on trifles, cannot have the deſired weight on material ſubjects: Again, ſome paſſionate perſons will not give themſelves time to trace the origin of an imputed or involuntary fault, whether it aroſe from the head or the heart, before they proceed to correct it with ſeverity: But ſuch a conduct is more to give vent to unwarrantable ſudden guſts of anger in themſelves, than to promote amendment in their pupils. This was thought a notorious fault in the conduct of the great Dr. Busby, who exacted profound reſpect from his ſcholars when he was *maſter* of *Weſtminſter-School*, and whoſe natural ſeverity, and impetuoſity of temper were ſuch, with his great abilities, that, at times, *he* ought to have corrected himſelf, before he did his pupils. To evince this argument, I ſhall mention a well-known anecdote of the doctor. It was a laudable cuſtom with *this* preceptor, to point out a ſubject in ſacred or prophane hiſtory, as an exerciſe for his ſcholars

in

in the hours of relaxation from ſchool confinement, on which they were to make a comment in verſe. The theme allotted to the hero of my tale, was the miracle of our Saviour's turning the water into wine; on which a lively youth gave his verſification, on a ſcrap of paper, haſtily into the *doctor's* hand. The maſter put it as haſtily into his pocket; and, to cure the boy's impatience for returning to his play, ordered him a ſevere flogging, for inattention and diſreſpect. Some days after, Dr. BUSBY took this vagrant bit of paper accidentally to light his pipe, and chance led his eye to the laconic lines it contained, which before he did not allow himſelf to read. Its contents were this:

The modeſt water, aw'd by pow'r divine,
Confeſs'd the God,—and bluſh'd itſelf to wine.

The doctor, ſeized with compunction for his ſeverity, ſent for the boy, and made him ſome recompence in his pocket, for the loſs of ſkin on his back, which the neglect of reading his two lines had occaſioned to the lively writer. You know Dr. BUSBY was famous

famous for ruling with the *birchin ſceptre*; which deſpotic ſway enforced ſuch a ſlaviſh fear in the *boy*, that it was ſeldom forgot in the *man*. But hard blows on the mind, leave more laſting marks than thoſe on the perſon; and I have the authority of SOLOMON for ſaying, *oppreſſion will make a wiſe man mad*. I know, by experience, that the aids of reaſon are too weak in ſome minds, to inſpire us with freedom to thoſe perſons, who once affected a haughty controul and ſuperiority over us. Though time may have brought mental endowments nearer to an equality, the *mind* that has thought itſelf unworthily treated in its minority, will ſtill ſhrink back with terror from that perſon, who once put it in *fetters*. Youth, in general, is allowed to have the retentive faculties very ſtrong; and thoſe, in imagination, hears the ſound of the hammer, when the eye is far diſtant from the ſight of the anvil. Nor can we help theſe wild ideas that preſents thoſe frightful or diſguſting ſpectacles to view, that we once ſaw, with horror and ſurprize! That celebrated taper, called reaſon, is ſubſervient to

many

many unworthy purpoſes, and is ſaid to be cooped up in a narrow cell of the *brain*, while paſſions are permitted to exert their wild influence over the whole *body*. Could theſe terrors of imagination be repulſed by this ſaid auxiliary *reaſon*, or maturer years, would not the mother call loudly for its aid, when her own happineſs, and perhaps that of a childin embryo, is dependent on her reſolution in this particular?

But theſe obſervations on ſeverity of manners, early prejudices, and weakneſs of reaſon, I need not mention to my truly exemplary friend SOPHIA, whoſe very name indicates *wiſdom*, which the ſapient king aſſures us, is juſtified of all her children; and in your's the remark is evidently verified: But as your humility leads you to aſſure me, *you will thankfully receive any hint from me relative to your future conduct to your amiable daughter*, give me leave to ſuggeſt it to your conſideration, that a companionſhip with a worthy young lady, who has had ſome experience in life, and is a few years older than herſelf, might be of great advantage to her.

Fourteen

Fourteen is an age at which girls begin to look on themſelves with importance. Converſe with grown perſons, at that time, leads to obſervation, and inſpires an emulation to copy thoſe virtues they ſee imitable; and is often more efficacious than any other mode of addreſs. Imitation is allowed to be one of the great inſtruments uſed by Providence, in bringing our natures towards perfection: Nay, it is ſaid to be a globe of precepts, for this ſpecies of ambition ſprings from the contemplation of excellencies we are deſirous to emulate; and it oftentimes produces accompliſhments or virtues which might otherwiſe lie dormant, through a pride of equalling, if not excelling, that which we ſee practicable in the object of our eſteem. When the mind is growing to maturity, it can no longer be pleaſed with the rattles and toys of childhood, becauſe it finds a new ſet of ideas crouding into it, which demand more ſubſtantial amuſements; the propriety of which is often better inculcated from a companion, than a mother, becauſe they are upon a nearer line of freedom and equality.

Our

Our imagination is flattered, and our pride not hurt by the ſovereignty of controul: For inſtance, a young lady may be diffident in conſulting her mother in the beginning of a love affair, till the concealment of the growing flame may be very prejudicial to the happineſs of both. ADDISON, that great judge of human nature and propriety, makes SYPHAX ironically upbraid JUBA for truſting a man of ſuch ſevere virtue as CATO, with what he calls *the weakneſs of his ſoul!*

JUBA.

I've open'd to him the weakneſs of my
Soul, my love for MARCIA.

SYPHAX.

CATO's a proper perſon
To truſt a love tale with!

At the ſame time he makes the two female friends, MARCIA and LUCIA, ſtrengthen each other's fortitude by the mutual freedom of their communications. And as few girls are ſuperior at all times to what is here termed the *weakneſs of the ſoul*, on ſuch, or different occaſions, it might be uſeful for her to conſult

ſult her ſecond-ſelf, and aſk, "Would my friend do ſo, or ſo in this caſe? How ſhall I anſwer my conduct to her, whoſe ſilent example and penetrating eye would reproach me of error; and, at the ſame time, leſſen me in the eſteem of one, whoſe conduct it is my ambition to copy after." This, Madam, I take to be a kind of petty tribunal, which makes girls ſtand in awe of themſelves as it were; and has, in many reſpects, a happy influence on the paſſions, and in quickening young ladies to that application of their talents, which at preſent you ſay, CLEMIRA does not exert. I am well ſatisfied of the goodneſs of her head and heart; and, as I obſerved before, the advice that comes from the experience of a perſon on the foot of companionſhip, has often more influence upon a young lady than from a parent. And ſome times commendations from the judicious, for dubious qualifications, are great incitements to juvenile minds to acquire thoſe accompliſhments for which they have already gained ſome credit.

You well know, SOPHIA, I am no advocate for the vanity of dreſs. I wiſh the extrava-

extravagancy of it were reſtrained in all ranks of people; and I am ſorry CLEMIRA has ſo great a fondneſs for it, that you tell me, *if indulged, it would be her leading paſſion.* The world, in general, is greatly to blame in this reſpect, by paying ſuch an attention to external appearance, that it becomes almoſt a requiſite to comply with faſhion, to be received with tolerable reſpect into what is called good company. Dreſs gives a dignifying air and courage to doubting minds, and young perſons can ſeldom bear with fortitude the ſlight that is ſhown to a ſingular, or mean appearance: And as long as it is a letter of recommendation to more ſolid acompliſhments, we muſt in ſome ſort comply with the notions of the world, whilſt we have expectations from it. But this, with other ſubjects, I have taken the liberty to hint to my young friend in verſe, in which you will obſerve flattery bears no part. Your wiſhes for any attempt in my power, will always bear the authority of *commands* with me, and that muſt apologize for the weakneſs of the incloſed epiſtle to CLEMIRA.

Poetry

Poetry is a pretty vehicle for a fine imagination to diſplay compliment in; but as I am not miſtreſs of the one, I would not awkwardly attempt the other, eſpecially to ſo young a lady. You and I, Madam, may be allowed to indulge ſome fondneſs for the company of the Muſes; but they ſhould be cautiouſly introduced to younger minds, as they have ſo much the power of faſcination, that immature judgment cannot be ſuppoſed capable of diſtinguiſhing between that true and falſe honour, glory and ſhame, they ſometimes inculcate. Heated imagination leaps over theſe boundaries; and a ſprightly youth, fired with the ſtrains of epic poetry, often fancies himſelf as great as HOMER, when, in reality, he is only as *blind*, or as mad as ALEXANDER. Then the romantic hero muſt either have a HECTOR to conquer, or a HELEN to ſigh for! And, perhaps, a poor girl, under the influence of the Paphian deity*, imagines

* SHAKESPEARE makes ÆGEUS complain of the enchanting power of poetry, with his daughter, when offered by her lover to THESEUS, in the following lines:

——And

imagines it as delightful to have an ADONIS at her feet, celebrating her charms in verſe! as it is great and magnificent, to be miſtreſs of a coach and ſix, &c. &c. Though not in this way, yet ſuch has been the infatuation of poetry and plays on the mind of your friend, that I have, in idea, been an eye-witneſs of all the delicate diſtreſs of ELOISA in her cell, and been the attendant CEPHISA on the noble ANDROMACHE in all her woes! I knew no more of plays than I did of navigation, when I went in my teens to ſee the Diſtreſſed

——————And my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou LYSANDER, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigned love,
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweetmeats, (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs.——————

Midſummer Night's Dream, act the firſt, ſcene the firſt.

Mother,

Mother, and the Fair Penitent; and though I greatly condemned the credulity of the latter, yet the misfortunes of both characters had such an effect on my eyes, that I shed more real tears on the occasion, than would have christened a child, if not immerged it. The poet's scenes were, for a long time after, so present to my imagination, that I resolved to renounce seeing or reading any more plays for a succession of years. The warm, or the pathetic descriptions of poetry are such, that every susceptible mind is not to be trusted with its pathos: For this reason, I think, it was a wise determination among the Jews, that their youth should not read Solomon's Song till they were thirty years of age; for though it is well known the eastern language was very florid and figurative, yet this divine song might have been thought to have alluded to human beauty by the Jewish minors, (as it since have by Christian doctors) whatever were the opinion of the rabbies. As Christianity advanced, language refined with it; and that system will teach us duties suitable to all stations of life, I imagine, that

that every ſpecies of reading ought to convey peculiar inſtruction to each ſex, at different periods; which is an argument for diſcouraging the inclination for poetry, plays, and novels, in very young ladies, of a ſuſceptible turn of mind: For when it grows to a predominant paſſion, it gives a romantic turn, and engroſſes that attention which might be better employed in various kinds of uſeful learning; yet, as the early impreſſions of poetry leaves a ſtrong tincture on the mind, it may be conſidered as a leading improvement to the rough maſculine ſouls of ſome of the other ſex; in which view I muſt intirely acquieſce in the opinion of RICHARDSON, that "an acquaintance with the Muſes in the education of youth, contributes not a little to ſoften the manners. It gives a delicate turn to the imagination, and a kind of poliſh to the mind, in ſeverer ſtudies.—And in order to learn the dead languages in their purity, it will be neceſſary to ſtudy the ancient poets, which cannot fail of giving youth a reliſh for poetry in general."

But I have needleſsly enlarged upon leading the paſſions of a youth, to a lady who knows ſo much better, in regard to her ſon and daughters,

To teach the young idea how to ſhoot, &c. &c.

and to ſhorten the road to painful experience. Give me leave to conclude my feeble eſſay with the progreſs of life: I have never ſeen it in print, but have heard it was, many years ago, written by the Counteſs of Winchelſea; and I know you eſteem every production that does credit to our ſex, as well as

Your obedient, humble ſervant,

PHILANTHEA.

# TO

# CLEMIRA,

## A LADY OF FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE. WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF HER MOTHER.

MY dear CLEMIRA, what you aſk,
Would be a very grateful taſk,
If once APOLLO's nymphs would deign
To 'liſt me in their tuneful train:
Then to Parnaſſus I would fly,
And bring down verſes from the ſky;
But not one word of beaus, or balls,
Which ſometimes croud our country halls,
Wou'd I invoke my muſe to give,
Or think it worthy to receive;
Pleaſure ſhou'd paſs unheeded by,
Whilſt ſacred truth engaged your eye.
In blooming youth, wou'd my CLEMIRA tend
To the dull counſel of her faithful friend,
Some well-meant precepts I would wiſh t' impart,
To inſtruct her noble, but unguarded heart.
Your pliant ſoul no ſtubborn ſway maintains,
Bad habits gain no ground, nor paſſion reigns;

The world is op'ning to your gazing eye,
And ev'ry year—may wond'rous ſcenes deſcry;
Each, in their turn, will tempt you to embrace,
Their proſtrate beauties with peculiar grace:
Firſt dreſs, then flatt'ry, lure with pageant ſhow,
That gives an origin to female woe!
When theſe engroſs the mind,—all muſt give way,
Each claims pre-eminence in form or lay.
" *Theſe chain the finer* faculties of ſoul,"
And, with compulſive ſway, her pow'rs controul;
What heav'n directs to virtue in diſtreſs,
Whom dire misfortune ſinks! or cares oppreſs,
Luxurious taſte wreſts from vile folly's hand,
And faſhion lords it with ſupreme command!
Yet view the pride and tinſel glare of dreſs,
And my CLEMIRA muſt this truth confeſs,
" Like wat'ry beams their glitter falls away,
*When prudence riſes to a radiant day.*"
Let your ambition be to duty bound,
Her laws benign will ſtill be pleaſing found.
Let well-built hopes allure your tender breaſt,
And all your *graces be by virtue dreſt*,
Then joys refin'd will make you truly bleſt!
Our modern triflers, ſeldom can impart
What bounds their wiſh, but ſail without a chart;
Romantic notions, like the flowing tide,
Turn them adrift, when folly is their guide,
Which, like the rapid waves on watery deep,
Succeſſive vanities their circles keep.
The furious elements are placid, mild,
To thoſe wild ſtorms that hurry paſſion's child,

In

In agitation fierce; from eaſt to weſt,
Without one calm idea in the breaſt
To ſteer the veſſel; by wild tempeſt toſt,
Till oft-times ſhipwreck'd on ſome foreign coaſt,
The ſhatter'd bark's in vile diſhonour loſt.
No well-turn'd mind will e'er employment ſhun,
But ſeek improvement, vig'rous as the ſun,
Which conſtant doth his daily circle run.
Idleneſs is to num'rous ills the road,
And falſe the happineſs that's ſought abroad;
Domeſtic toil is to our ſex aſſign'd,
The ſphere is uſeful, and the active mind,
Will ſtill in perſeverance intereſt find.
Merit, for merit's ſake, ſtill keep in view,
Adore her for herſelf, and ſtill purſue
Thoſe paths, which from the good extorts applauſe,
Theſe fix invariable for ſecret laws;
Her precepts treaſure, and with art divine
Make wiſe SOPHIA * in your conduct ſhine;
May my young friend by her example taught,
Let prudence weigh each word, and guard each thought.
When books and work engage our early days,
Our feet will ſeldom ſtray from wiſdom's ways:
Theſe form the boſom to each generous deed,
And plant the mind with ev'ry uſeful ſeed;
And whilſt the ſoul in knowledge doth improve,
It's the bright object of celeſtial love.
Then balmy praiſe to fragrant honours lead,
Like pearly dews—drops o'er the flow'ry mead.
O! may this circling wreath your brows entwine,
With joys that's conſtant, and with bloom divine!

* The name of the young lady's mother.

THE

# PROGRESS OF LIFE.

BY

## ARDELIA.

I.

HOW gaily is at firſt begun,
Our life's uncertain race;
Whilſt yet the ſprightly morning's ſun,
With which we juſt ſet out to run,
Enlightens all the place!

II.

How ſmiling the world's proſpect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Piſgah, with a ſweet ſurprize,
Did more inviting ſhew.

III.

III.

How promiſing's the book of fate,
'Till throughly underſtood!
Whilſt partial hopes ſuch lots create,
As may the youthful fancy treat,
With all that's great and good.

IV.

How ſoft the firſt ideas prove,
That wander through the mind!
How full the joy; how free the love;
That does that early ſeaſon move,
Like flow'rs the weſtern wind!

V.

Our ſighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears;
Which, ſwiftly paſſing, all grows fair,
Whilſt pleaſure compenſates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

VI.

But, hark!—too ſoon, alas, we climb,
Scarce feeling we aſcend
The gently riſing hill of time,
From whence, with grief, we ſee that prime,
And all its ſweetneſs end.

VII.

The die now caſt, our fortune's known,
Fond expectation paſt;
The thorns, which former days had ſown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at laſt.

VIII.

Then every care's a driving harm,
Which helps to bear us down;
Which faded ſmiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter's ſtorm,
And ev'ry look a frown.

IX.

'Till with ſucceeding ills oppreſt,
For joys we hop'd to find;
By age too rumpl'd and undreſt,
We gladly ſinking down to reſt,
Leave following crowds behind.

## TO AN

# INFANT OF A MONTH OLD,

### TO WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD STOOD GODMOTHER.

DEAR CHARLES, ſweet offſpring of connubial love!
What ſentiment, what language beſt ſhall prove,
The ſtrong affection that I bear thy youth,
Witneſs'd this day as ſponſor for thy truth!
With awful dread my feet approach'd the *font*,
Where thoughtleſs ſureties frequently are wont
To take a charge, as cuſtom leads the way,
Nor think that God records what there they ſay;
Nor once reflect, that *baptiſm* was ordain'd
A ſolemn rite! howe'er by ſome prophan'd.
Accept, bleſt babe, the wiſhes of my heart,
To realize them be thy future part:
I bring no gifts thine infant love to buy,
Nor pompous off'ring to attract thine eye;
Ennobled by thyſelf, in ſelf be great,
And live ſuperior to a proud eſtate.

Supremely happy on thy mother's breaſt,
Let that chaſte pillow huſh thy cares to reſt;
May watchful angels hover round thy head,
Give balmy reſt, and choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
And when thou wak'ſt, ſweet cherub! look, and ſee
Who would not wiſh to change their ſtate with thee!
Did not great CHARLES* courageouſly lay down,
For peace, like thine, his ſceptre and his crown?
To gain that bliſs tranquil, which flies from thrones,
From whence re-echo oft the monarch's groans!
Thy cradle is thy throne,—thy nurſe thy guard,
A centinel that ne'er thinks duty hard!
Enchanting ſmiler! may thy acts repay
Maternal watchings, in thy future day:
Then filial gratitude will charm thy ſire,
And love congenial all thy boſom fire;
For ne'er was prince more fenced from outward harms,
Than thou, encircled in thy mother's arms.
Tir'd with the world, alas! few ſtrive to mend;
All praiſe the dawn of life,—ſome court its end;
A train of troubles croud, each riſing year
Heave the ſad boſom, and extort the tear!
Would not the ſpendthrift beg his ſquander'd ore,
To purchaſe half the bliſs thou haſt in ſtore?
What would the hoary villain not endure,
For thoughts, like thine as chaſte, and hands as pure?
Infernal vices, once ſo prone to pleaſe,
For gew-gaws, rattles, and a mind at eaſe,

* CHARLES of Spain.

Were

Were rich exchange; theſe hoard no pungent ſorrow,
But pleaſe to-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow;
For ne'er was maxim yet ſo true as this,
"That want of innocence is want of bliſs."
Thy tears now flow from nature, not from grief,
And *innocence* will ſoon give them relief;
This charm alone, good CHARLES, thy boſom chears,
This calms thy troubles,—this diſpels thy fears;
This ſheds o'er all its beautifying ray,
And changes darkneſs into radiant day.
No mitred prieſts,—the *beacons* of our Iſle!
Could ere in whiter robes, or actions ſmile;
Nor ever judge, in ermin'd veſture dreſt,
Knew more tranquillity than ſooths thy breaſt;
Not HANDEL's notes more muſic can inſpire,
Than thou by *bells* and *whiſtle* may'ſt acquire.
Long may this ſource of bliſs remain within,
Unknown to ſorrow, as unknown to ſin.
When brighter reaſon ſhall begin to grow,
Hang on thy tongue, and in thy boſom glow,
Unlock the latent virtues of thy heart,
And wing thy ſoul to ev'ry active part,
May heav'n-born truth! thy ev'ry care beguile,
Aſſiſt thy converſe, and improve thy ſmile.
If heat of blood, with wanton fancy warm,
Should ſpread its ſnares, or reptile pleaſures charm;
O! may the love of virtue, love of truth,
Still be thy pole-ſtar thro' the paths of youth.
Fly meretricious looks,—too often bought
At a dear pledge,—by youths with folly fraught:

Full oft they riſe in ſtorms of black array,
That cloud the hopes of life's advancing day;
Behold, with dread, the croud with weeping eyes,
That are, like victims, led to ſacrifice!
And when progreſſive life's extenſive plan,
Shall bring thee forward on the ſtage of *man*,
May friendſhip's cement make thy boſom glow
With joys, that only thoſe who *feel* can know;
That ſun of pleaſure,—whoſe enliv'ning rays
Chear the pure ſoul, and harmonize its days.
O! may its noble force inſpire thy mind,
And its juſt precepts all thy actions bind,
Light in thy breaſt religion's ſacred flame,
To make her laws thy guide, and heav'n thy aim.
May roſy health, high in her chariot roll,
Strength'ning, through all thy days, thy grateful ſoul,
To praiſe the bounteous pow'r, from whom is giv'n,
This valued bleſſing of indulgent heav'n.
And laſt, when manhood's vigour ſhall decay,
And fleeting time obſcure thy lamp of day,
Then may each ſov'reign antidote remain,
To prop thy weakneſs, and relieve that pain,
So oft attendant on decrepid age,
When goodneſs only can its force aſſuage.
This wafts the ſoul to its eternal reſt,
And makes her in the proſpect truly bleſt!
Countleſs as ſtars,—may *virtues* riſe between
Thy dawning curtain, and thy cloſing ſcene!
Deign to accept, let me entreat again,
This futile tribute, this unletter'd ſtrain.

My ardent wiſh no claſſic lore attend,
No Muſes aid, nor flattery doth lend,
Their tuneful numbers to thy early friend:
From all their charms my humble wiſh is free,
Such would ill ſuit thy innocence, and me.

Sweet, lovely babe!—if, from this moral page,
One thought may aid thee in maturer age;
For me enough:——May my adopted boy,
Increaſe his father's love, his mother's joy.

PHILANTHEA.

N. B. Some, but very few, of theſe thoughts are taken from a manuſcript ſomewhat ſimilar, by an unknown writer.

TO

# SUETONIUS:

## ON SINCERITY.

AS the employment of our time is a matter of momentous concern, in regard to this world and the next, I think it perfectly agreeable to the ſanctity of my reverend friend's character and function, for him minutely to enquire in what manner I have ſpent thoſe years which have rolled over my head, ſince I have been a wandering ſheep from his fold? I will not pretend to anſwer your ſeveral friendly queſtions on this ſubject *particularly*, for were I to make as free a reſpondent as you are a queriſt, it would take you up a week's time, at leaſt, to read my narrative of *ſelf:* Therefore, I will only tell you, in general, that my time in the metropolis

tropolis has been chiefly ſpent in buſy idleneſs, and hunting after ſhadows.

I may truly ſay, that "honours and pleaſure have ſeemed to court my attention in ſucceſſion, as quick as the watery bubbles over the purling ſtream, and have glided away as faſt." I believe no perſon ever more ſtrongly aſpired to be fixed in the ſeat of calm reaſon, and *uſeful life*, than your fugitive correſpondent; but never, ſince my father's and brother's death, have I been able to get an oar to row me to that bleſſed Iſland! Howſoever, I ſtill preſume to hope, if I cannot make that deſired port in this life, by reaſon of the rocks and whirlpools that ſtill obſtruct my paſſage, the gale that conducts my mortal part to the tomb, will waft my ſpirit to thoſe bliſsful regions, for which you have piouſly endeavoured to prepare me *. Indeed,

* I am far from thinking, that the ſovereign Diſpoſer of all events is beneficent only when he ſmiles; and to give up hope, would be to forget that there is a God, that can, and I hope will, when my patience is ſufficiently tried, make me to ſee clearly the wiſdom of his

deed, the painful experience I have had of life, and all human dependencies, ſince I have reſided in London, abſolutely ſtaggers the little underſtanding you once thought me miſtreſs of; and, if continued much longer, I am afraid it will reduce it to a mere chaos; for every thing that has wore the appearance of ſome ſubſtantial good, has eluded my eager graſp at the very time it ſeemed moſt within my reach. To ſupport this aſſertion, I could tell you abundance of real truths, that would ſurpaſs your belief, and ſound like fairy tales, or the romantic viſions of a diſtempered brain. In ſhort, I

ways, in a more ſerene day than the preſent. But I have not words to expreſs the pains I have ſuffered in my dubious ſoul, that have been ſo long agitated between the twilight of anxiety and hope, that it has, in a manner, dried up the fountain of life, by ſlow-deſtroying uncertainty, and cruel ſuſpence!—Could I once know what I had to depend on, I would ſummons all my courage to ſupport my lot in life with becoming fortitude and reſignation, let it appear ever ſo hard to human nature; but the multifarious objects that divide my attention at preſent, requires a wiſer head than mine, to know how to conduct with propriety.

have

have been a ſervile dupe to refined hypocriſy; for, like an inexperienced plebeian, I was vain and preſumptuous enough to hope, that in the metropolis benevolent ſincerity lent its aid to every perſon, that was not found unworthy of its protecting wing.—But, alas! I ſoon perceived myſelf in the ſituation of Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD; and inſtead of the enlargement I fondly flattered myſelf with from munificent promiſes, I found my mind in fetters, which being taken priſoner by deceit, I was, in many reſpects, like the keeper's daughter in the Tower, fallen under the *lion's paw*. To ſeek for redreſs on any of theſe mortifying occaſions, by the gentle efforts of expoſtulation with ſuperiors, would be, in POPE's language,

To wage a war with *Bedlam*, and the *Mint*.

Power is generally in poſſeſſion of eleven points of the law, and to contend for the *twelfth*, would be near as abſurd an attempt, as to try to catch a herd of *deer by the beat of drum*: No, caprice and humour is their goſpel; and all their caſes of conſcience are eaſily

eaſily determined to their wiſhes, by their attorney.

I remember one of our laſt converſations in the country ran on the ſubject of *diſſimulation*, which I know you abhor as the worſt ſpecies of lying! But I aſſure you, Sir, it is cultivated here with great care, as a faſhionable part of good breeding; nay, by ſome, it is lifted into a kind of ſcience, and diſtinguiſhed by the name of politeneſs: For ſo far is conſcience deadened by theſe repeated paralytic ſeizures of *deceit*, that it has *into manners naturalized our crimes*, and metamorphoſed a Grace into a Monſter! But however polite this modern refinement may be deemed by thoſe who improve their ſhallow wit, at the expence of rectitude and morals, ſurely it cannot be the proper diſtinction of good-breeding, to cloath ſpeech in ambiguous phraſes, only to lead the unwary into labyrinths of error and painful perplexities. It is frequently the faſtidiouſneſs of refined taſte, to relinquiſh its object almoſt as ſoon as known; though ſuch a fickle conduct carries with it an argument of ſhallow

low diſcernment on one ſide, or a very capricious temper on the other; either conveys an implication, not to the honour of character, and conſequently is it not a blot in the eſcutcheon of the fineſt *gentleman* or *lady?* Can numbers or titles vindicate ſuch deception, further than the prevalence of ill example? The integrity of divine commands, or the morality of the golden rule, will never juſtify *daubing with ſuch untempered mortar:* Though legions have painted with it, it is declared an abomination in thoſe eyes that are *too pure to behold iniquity.* The weeping prophet deeply lamented this vice of hypocriſy in his days, and he denounced heavy woes againſt thoſe that deceived their neighbours, and *taught their tongue to ſpeak lies.* I may ſay with him likewiſe, (ſince buſineſs has led me to reſide among this polite people) *My habitation is in the midſt of deceit:* And, ſurely, of all the depravities that pollute the heart, this is one that terminates in effects the moſt fatal to the happineſs of individuals. Truth is a law-giver that will not admit ſuch a baſe gueſt into the

ſuburbs

ſuburbs of the mind; for it is a quality of ſo treacherous a nature, that it undermines the peace of families, breaks the cement of ſociety, deſtroys the vital force of mutual confidence, and draws ſuch a mournful train of ill-conſequences after it, that prudence cannot foreſee, nor rectitude combat with: For it will penetrate into the region of virtue itſelf; and the natural ſpring and vigour of the ſoul, is often known to be ſo much impaired by the operations of falſhood, that the heart faints under its preſſure! as it tears up eſteem by the roots, and plants thorny care, and gloomy diſtruſt in its ſtead! But however polite this dark and intricate ſcience of *diſſimulation* may be deemed among unprincipled perſons, it has by others been thought ſo derogatory to the dignity and honour of human nature, that ſome have wondered that even Infidels who think not of the *ſin*, can be inſenſible of its meanneſs. I have read, *thou ſhalt not lye*, was a law, which the wiſe SOLON eſtabliſhed among the *Athenians*; and whoſoever was convicted of amuſing the people with *courtier-like* flatulent promiſes, the

ſenate

ſenate condemned to death: And we are told, that the love and practice of *truth*, was the firſt maſculine virtue, that the *Perſians* taught their youth; and the breach of it was accounted as breaking the firmeſt bond of the *Perſian* ſtate, therefore it was puniſhed with the ſame rigour as at Athens. In that iron age of virtue, the *hydra* falſhood was chaſed from men, and compelled to ſeek its retreat in the dark cavern of obſcurity.

When perſons part with their integrity, they loſe a coat of mail, and the eſſence of ſoul goes with it. It is very certain, there is ſuch a tranſcendent charm in *truth*, that they who violate its precepts, often ſeem conſcious of its ſuperlative excellency; otherwiſe, they would not, by artful equivocation, endeavour to impoſe on us the ſhadow for the ſubſtance, (which is one way of exalting the handmaid to the ſeat of her miſtreſs) to obtain a ſhort-lived credit. Howſoever, this counterfeit of veracity is a ſign, that the violator pays ſome honour to its appearance, by retaining a ſubſtitute in its place; and therefore we may ſay with Dr. YOUNG,

I give

I give him joy that's aukward at a lye,
Whoſe feeble nature *truth* ſtill keeps in *awe*;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to diſdain diſguiſe;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it ſhews our ſtrength:
Thou ſay'ſt 'tis *needful*, is it therefore right?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
To ſtrain at an excuſe.———

Surely this attic ſalt, *truth*, is far from being a weak compound in our original compoſition; it is pernicious cuſtom only that has enervated its vigour in the human conſtitution. Probity, you well know, SUETONIUS, is the beſt diſtinction of a gentleman in every degree: Nay, it adorns a prince more than the royal purple, and at the ſame time reflects a greater luſtre on his throne, than the brighteſt gems that ſurround it. Great princes are not always uniformly great men; but one that is ſtrictly governed by honour and veracity, will not wiſh to be conſidered as acting ſo much within the reſtriction of human laws, as under the influence of public ſpirit, generoſity, religion, and a ſenſe of national duty, which will ennoble a private

private man beyond the holy unction that conſecrates kings; and had CHARLES the Firſt adverted to that uniform mode of regal conduct, and inflexible integrity, by which ſome of our beſt princes have been actuated, perhaps, his rigorous ſubjects would never have required the ſacrifice of his head, as a human atonement for the inſincerity of his heart.—Dearly, very dearly! did this zealous, but miſguided, monarch, pay for the violation of *truth:* Yet, probity was not brought into faſhion at court in the reign of his ſucceſſor, King CHARLES the Second, as we find by the complaint of the *Bantam* ambaſſador, written, at that time, to his ſovereign. It begins thus:

"MASTER,

"The people where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*; and thou knoweſt the inhabitants of one of theſe places, do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy ſubjects barbarians, becauſe we ſpeak what we mean; and account themſelves

ſelves a civilized people, becauſe they ſpeak one thing, and mean another: Truth they call barbarity, and falſhood politeneſs. * * *

"At my firſt going to court, one of the great men almoſt put me out of countenance, by aſking *ten thouſand pardons* of me, for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lye a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldſt order any of thy officers of ſtate to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I ſhall negotiate any thing with this people, ſince there is ſo little credit to be given to them. When I go to ſee the king's ſcribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I ſaw him go into his houſe almoſt the very moment before, &c. &c *."

We find this honeſt *Bantamite* found ſuch a myſterious web in the Engliſh language, that he could not unravel the meaning of our expreſſions: But though he was ignorant of the dialect of courtiers, and conſcience

* Vide Spectator, Vol. VIII. No. 556.

would

would not permit him to converſe with them upon equal terms in their own way; yet, we find, he was not to be poliſhed out of his veracity, by that double-tongued race of men, of whom he ſo heavily complained to his maſter. At the Engliſh court, this faithful ambaſſador could get nothing better in exchange for his plain truths, than the noxious weeds of inſincerity! weeds that, I have reaſon to think, have grown more rank ſince his time, than they ever did before in this Iſland, in regard to private tranſactions, whatever may be the caſe in public employments. Truth muſt be allowed to be the only language of the *ſublime and beautiful*; yet, to endeavour to diſcountenance this baneful intruder, hypocriſy, in ſpeech! is to bring an exclamation againſt one's ſelf, for ruſtic breeding, and not knowing the world: A ſoft epithet to expreſs the moſt pernicious deceit by!

In my humble opinion, it is ſtrictly incumbent upon the ſovereign of a nation, or the head of a community, religiouſly to obſerve thoſe internal laws, that ſhould bind

and regulate the good of ſociety; for if they are known to ſlight them in public or private negociations, how contemptuouſly will the vulgar trample upon them! Sincerity is the faith that unites diſtant kingdoms in the bonds of amity; and an adherence to its precepts was moſt amply exemplified in the conduct of JOHN, king of *France*, that chid his ſon * ſeverely, for abuſing the parole of honour granted him by the king of England, EDWARD *the Third*. In order to make an atonement for the faults of his ſon, he reſolved to go to *England* in perſon, to confer with EDWARD for the execution of the treaty. When his miniſters endeavoured to divert him from this reſolution, he told them, that though good faith were baniſhed out of the reſt of the world, it ought to be found in the word of princes; and that as the execution of the treaty was the condition of his ranſom, he was determined to ſee the articles punctually performed. He accordingly ar-

* Duke of ANJOU made his eſcape from Calais into the dominion of his father.—Vide SMOLLET's Hiſtory of England.

rived

rived in England, and ſome time afterwards died in the palace at the Savoy.—Did ever any monarch on the throne of *France* appear greater on it, than this king did, when he voluntarily rendered himſelf a priſoner here, merely to fulfil his royal word? How ſuperior to the chance of war, muſt ſuch a captive know himſelf to be, even under the deprivation of his crown and ſceptre? Happy in the garb of integrity, and the pleaſing atteſtations of his conſcience! doubtleſs, this king in durance experienced what POPE has ſince wrote;

> And more true joy MARCELLUS exil'd feels,
> Than CÆSAR, with a ſenate at his heels.

One may conclude from the character of *King* JOHN, that made ſacred *truth* the criterion of his greatneſs of ſoul, in ſuch an exigence! that in the full career of ſovereign monarchy, he never violated his word, to the meaneſt of his dependents; nor ever covered his intentions by ambiguous expreſſions, which, taken ſtrictly, might ſignify but little; but when proceeding from the lips of

extenſive, royal power, might be underſtood to imply much more to an expectant.—Sincerity may be accompanied with politeneſs, and yet guard its words, and explain its meaning ſo critically, that but one conſtruction can reaſonably be made from them, and conſequently no one deceived but ſuch as wilfully deceive themſelves. But there are thoſe who wear the maſque of art, whom I could repreſent under the diſtinction of *meteors*, or *camelions*, rather than rational beings: Theſe perſons will put on all the refined artifices of diſſimulation, and bear the palm *alone*.

" There are, who with fond favours fickle gale
" Now ſudden ſwell,—and now contract their ſail;
" This week devour,—the next with ſick'ning eye
" Avoid,—and caſt the ſully'd play-thing by.
" There are, who toſſing on the bed of vice,
" For flatt'ry's opiate give the higheſt price;
" Yet from the ſaving hand of friendſhip turn,
" Her med'cines dread, her gen'rous offers ſpurn.
" Deſerted greatneſs!—who but pities thee?
" By crouds encompaſs'd, thou no friend canſt ſee:
" Or ſhould kind truth invade thy tender ear,
" We pity ſtill;—for thou no truth canſt hear.

" Ne'er

" Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to ſwell an uſeleſs ſtate,
" Yet frugal deems th' expence of friends too great
" For friends ne'er mixing in ambitious ſtrife,
" For friends—the richeſt furniture in life.
" Some ſtill are proof to lure of honeſt fame,
" And yet of ſycophants would buy a name, &c."

I think it is too much the characteriſtic of the great and opulent, to wear this ſaid *maſque of art*, and with all the refined artifices of diſſimulation, to be poſſeſſed o an unfeeling indifference, even for thoſe very diſtreſſes their want of veracity creates *. The loſe of time, health, and faculties, are

* Full little canſt thou know, that haſt not tried
What hell it is, in ſuing long to abide
To loſe good days, that might be better ſpent,
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to day,—to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope,—to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy princeſs' grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with care,
To eat thy heart thro' comfortleſs deſpair;
To fawn,—to crouch,—to wait,—to ride,—to run,
To ſpend,—to give,—to want,—to be undone.

Mother HUBBARD'S Tale.——SPENSER.

objects far beneath the attention of those *great little* persons, that can form their manners so, as to lacerate, and rack the souls of their expectants, and torture their dependents by every mode of genteel cruelty. In such polite, powerful oppressors, it would be a sort of vulgarism, to let the sighs of indigence, or the chagrin of disappointment, reach their ear, or meet their eye: For to them the guilt of being unfortunate is a crime of so enormous a dye! that the consequences of it deserve no commiseration; and therefore their complaints are either stopped in the porch, or treated with all the insolence of contempt, notwithstanding a profusion of unmeaning promises were made before in favour of their suit.—It is as impossible for strangers to dissimulation to draw any conclusion from its aspect, as it would be for a physiognomist to discover the inclinations of mind in a person by his features, that always wore a masque. But surely a time will arrive, when sincerity will take its turn to reign alone, and put deceit out of countenance; for truth is ever consistent with itself;

ſelf; and it is ſo firm and ſubſtantial, that one may conſtantly build on it with ſecurity. On the other hand, diſſimulation is like *ſtairs of ſand!* But if it makes fools of thoſe that tread on it in the dark, divine veracity hath aſſured us, thoſe that ſtrewed the way with the deluſive cheat! will, in the long run, be ſure to meet with the worſt fall by it. However diffuſive the miſeries are, occaſioned by this faſhionable vice hypocriſy, I will not obtrude further on your patience by the repetition of them. You know ADDISON juſtly remarks, "there is ſomething extreamly narrow in the minds of thoſe perſons, who can be pleaſed with the good qualities of their dependants, and at the ſame time be barren of bounty towards them." Certainly, the former without the latter, will no more ſatisfy the thirſt of a weary traveller, than the leaves of the vine without the grapes. I lately read an anecdote of true liberality, in one of the magazines, that is appoſite to this ſubject; and as it does honour to his preſent *Pruſſian* majeſty, I will do myſelf the pleaſure to tranſcribe it for your peruſal.

" General LESCHWITZ had ſerved the king in the laſt war with the greateſt diſtinction, without having received the ſmalleſt recompence; and after the peace was concluded, ſix years paſſed, during which time the king ſcarcely ſpoke to him. At the end of this period, the government of *Potſdam*, and a regiment of guards became vacant, and this ſeemingly-neglected general received them both from his royal maſter. The ſame year, lands to the value of two hundred thouſand crowns, of which the king had the reverſion, fell into his hands, and he laid hold of this new opportunity of rewarding his general. He made over to him theſe lands by a formal donation, ordered him to take immediate poſſeſſion of them, and accompanied his gift with the following ſhort letter:

" Monſieur le General LESCHWITZ,

" The important ſervices you rendered me the laſt war, are ſtill freſh in my remembrance.—I have been waiting with impatience for an opportunity of rewarding them.

—Go,

—Go, and take poſſeſſion of the lands made over to you by the patent here incloſed.

Signed,

FREDERIC."

This, you will ſay, was rewarding military worth with a princely ſpirit, in reſpect to the value of the gifts, and the manner of conferring them: But does not the memoirs of his Pruſſian majeſty inform us, that all his private conduct bears the ſame ſtamp of internal greatneſs and conſideration, even to the meaneſt of his ſubjects? All ranks of perſons, in his dominions, are permitted to addreſs him by letter, on any ſubject of complaint or oppreſſion; and are ſure to have a ſpeedy anſwer*, and, if poſſible, redreſs of their grievance.

* To evince this, permit me to relate the following *Anecdote, from the private life of the King of Pruſſia*, taken from a magazine:

"He retains ſtill an high degree of affection for the princeſs of BRUNSWICK, whoſe marriage with the prince of PRUSSIA was diſſolved, and whoſe misfortunes will probably ſoon end. This lively princeſs having

grievance. We are told of a ſimilar condeſcenſion in a letter of the late Pope GANGANELLI's, who (if we may credit that work) ſaid, "if the loweſt of wretches does me the

ordered ſome rich ſtuffs from Lyons, which pay a very high duty at Stettin, the place of her confinement, the cuſtom-houſe officer rudely arreſted them until the duties ſhould be paid: The princeſs, incenſed, let him know that ſhe would ſatisfy his demands, and deſired that he would come himſelf with the ſtuffs for that purpoſe. On his entrance into the apartment of the princeſs, ſhe flew at him, ſeized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs on the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciſeman, in a violent fit of reſentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the diſhonourable treatment he had met with in the exerciſe of his office. The king having read the memorial, anſwered it as follows:

"The loſs of the duties belongs to my account;—the ſtuffs are to remain with the princeſs;—the cuffs with him that received them:—As to the ſuppoſed diſhonour, I cancel it at the requeſt of the complainant;—but it is of itſelf null,—for the white hand of a fair lady cannot poſſibly diſhonour the face of a cuſtom-houſe officer.

Signed,

FREDERIC."

favour

favour to write to me, I anſwer him inſtantly; and ſhould think myſelf moſt guilty in the ſight of God and man, were I to omit that duty; for there is no ſoul deſpicable in the eyes of religion and humanity." I know my reverend friend will coincide with this ſentiment; and would ſome other perſons of rank deign to copy the example of thoſe great perſonages mentioned, it might help to elucidate truth in many doubtful caſes.

I ſhall conclude this diſſertation on hypocriſy in the words of that wiſe young man, who, ſpeaking before the great King DARIUS, on what was moſt mighty or powerful in life, bore the palm of victory away from his competitors, in his panegyric on *truth*. *All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heavens bleſſeth it: All works ſhake and tremble at it, and with it, is no unrighteous thing. She is the ſtrength, kingdom, power, and majeſty of all ages. Bleſſed be the God of truth.* To theſe ſublime words of the apocryphal writer, permit me to add,

Reverend Sir,

That I am *truly* your moſt obliged,

PHILANTHEA.

## POSTCRIPT.

" ———Reaſon you know is
" Equally form'd to rule in age and youth,
" The friend of virtue, and the guide to truth;
" To HER I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
" To HER deciſion make my laſt appeal.
" Condemn'd by HER, applauding worlds, in vain,
" Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
" By HER abſolv'd,—my courſe I'll ſtill purſue,
" If reaſon's for me,—God is for me too."

ODE

# O D E

## TO

# T R U T H.

SAY, will no white-rob'd ſon of light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks, unfold
His pinions, cloath'd with downy gold;
Here, ſmiling, ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you ye hoſt of ſaints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with mercy's beam this gathering cloud,
cloud of fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height;
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend.
" Mortals, in vain, ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
" Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."

So

So TRUTH proclaims.—I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne;
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd,
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So TRUTH proclaims: Her awful voice I hear;
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye ſons of men; attend, and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The angel's floating pomp, the ſeraph's glowing grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume;
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone; while I appear,
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth, thro' heav'ns eternal year.
Know, mortals, know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly throng.

Theſe

Theſe eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.
Laſt man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face;
And as he roſe, the high bequeſt was giv'n,
"That I alone, of all the hoſt of heav'n,
"Should reign protectreſs of the God-like youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake; he ſpake, and called me
TRUTH.

MASON.

# AN EPISTLE TO A PHYSICAL DIVINE,

## WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE POETRY.

MOST learned Sir, 'tis vain to try
Your urgent ſuit, I can't comply,
Unleſs your reverence would deign,
To mend *the rickets in my brain.*
You boaſt HYGIÆ's ſacred aid,
And would you help a feeble maid,
I ſhould adore my charming Doctor!
And give you double fees as proctor.
O! would my Æſculapian friend,
Once try my errors to amend,
By waving o'er my faulty line
His pen, 'twould give it grace divine!
If you deny your potent ſkill,
Thou'ſt reſign my drooping quill;

And

And never more will try to follow,
*That whining, whey-fac'd God* APOLLO;
But to prevent your future ire,
Will throw my verſes in the fire:
From whence no thought will e'er return,
Nor e'er with ſprightly vigour burn;
The dying embers can't retain,
One ſpark of the poetic ſtrain!
Reprieve my trembling lines I pray,
Or elſe (perhaps) the world will ſay,
" You'd ſooner fix the pointed dart,
" Than calm the tumults of my heart."
But if my bleeding fame muſt lie
Without your aid, or pity's ſigh!
Ne'er let my cloſing tomb-ſtone tell,
*By what diſeaſe its tenant fell*;
For if theſe pains you won't appeaſe,
'Tis *Death* can only give me eaſe.
Would you, like ORPHEUS, touch my lyre,
My languid Muſe you might inſpire;
'Tis that implores your ſkilful hand
Her pulſe to feel,—and to command
Some draſtic ſtrengthener of thought,
That's with *Parnaſſian* balſam fraught,
Ere ſhe to aſhes has conſign'd,
The wand'ring efforts of her mind.
Thus laſſitude you ſee's my caſe,
Soon let reſtoratives take place;

Juleps

Juleps and apozems I know,
Will ne'er this vital pow'r beſtow;
Nor will emulſions, pills, or potion,
Ever amend one futile notion.
Since tinctures, powders, draughts prove faint,
To cure the cauſe of my complaint;
A *panacea* quick diſpenſe,
To bring my truant Muſe to ſenſe,
To cool this fever of the brain,
Which weakeſt heads do moſt ſuſtain,
Leſt a delirium ſhould ſucceed,
For which I might moſt freely bleed!
Procraſtination, you well know,
Is oft the ſource of dreadful woe!
And when diſtempers tend this way,
The patient cannot brook delay;
Write a preſcription for the mind,
Which duly taken, I may find
To be an inſtantaneous cure,
For all thoſe tortures I endure!
And let it be the ſure protection,
Againſt poetical infection;
For when the rhyming tribe comes near,
They draw me from my proper ſphere.
Ne'er let APOLLO's nymphs rehearſe
To me, in their enchanting verſe,
Thoſe tales of heroes, kings, or towers,
Which they reſound within their bowers,

How

How Troy was ſack'd, how HELEN fell!
(Stories they're wonderous fond to tell,)
Which lure my mind from humble proſe,
With reſtleſs zeal t' attend its cloſe;
Patience runs wild to learn the matter,
And fancy hears the helmets clatter,
Which th' embattled chiefs ſurround
In direful din! on hoſtile ground!
Ground, that imaginations toe,
Treads quick, in ſpite of grave MONROE;
Nor could HIPPOCRATES reſtrain,
The warlike flight of HOMER's brain.
With tuneful trumpet POPE hands down,
The ten years ſiege of *Troy*'s fam'd town;
Makes all their glitt'ring armour ſhine,
With burniſh'd glory in his line.
In youth,—he ſung with paſt'ral eaſe,
And made his *Windſor-Foreſt* pleaſe,
When he deſcrib'd the lawns, and glades,
With all th' enamour'd lover's ſhades,
That might a GALEN's boſom fire,
And the cold *hermit's* breaſt inſpire,
With all the mighty pains of love!
Whene'er he trod the Arcadian grove.
Thus POPE has led my ſoul aſtray,
By liſt'ning to his tuneful lay:
Strains which are apt the mind to pleaſe,
We little think will give diſeaſe,
Which calls for ſov'reign recipes.

We know this Bard is of opinion,
When idle fancies get dominion,
We ſhould renounce Pierian drink,
Nor ever totter on the brink
Of Helicon's enſnaring fount,
Unleſs on wings ſublime we mount;
And freely quaff thoſe noble ſtreams,
Which, *Poets* ſay, inſpire their themes.
But then again the wiſe men tell,
" 'Tis right but to endeavour well;
" Theſe prove a child can ne'er produce
" The ſeeds of learning, but by uſe;"
And thoſe who ſoar in PINDAR's clime,
Firſt try'd their flight in ſimple rhyme.
'Tis thus that *Bard* and *Sage* decide,
And thus on learning's paths divide;
But if a *boy* muſt never ſkim
The ſhallow brook, till he can ſwim,
How can it be that ſailors brave!
Should ever tempt the ruſhing wave?
Or on life's ocean's flowing tide,
How can he on the billows ride,
Who ne'er with *compaſs, ſword, or pen,*
Was known to foil the arts of men?
If to your ſiſters on the *mount,*
You freely would my caſe recount,
Your conſultation ſoon might gain
Relief, for my poetic pain.
I know your intereſt there,—is *ſure,*
Exert it, to obtain my cure.

My

My caſe is here moſt truly ſtated;
Alas! with vagrant thoughts ill-fated!
Once more I aſk your healing aid,
Ere killing doubts my ſoul invade!
Corrective med'cines if you'll ſend,
'Twill greatly raiſe your ſinking friend;
Then fees moſt chearfully I'll pay,
And your petitioner will pray, &c. &c.

PHILANTHEA.

AN

AN

# EPISTLE

TO

## CARLOS, &c.

### ON THE USE, AND ABUSE OF WRITING.

WHY, Carlos, wilt thou tempt me to abuſe
Theſe ſheets, the fair attendants of the muſe?
In truant rhyme to truſt my trembling quill,
Without one motive ſtronger than thy will.
Why ſtain this page? which, like thy ſoul, is fair,
Pure, and untainted as the cloudleſs air.
This ſpotleſs page?—fit emblem of thy mind,
That's not to virtue, nor to vice inclin'd,
But takes ſtrong colourings from the author's pen,
Which ſtamps its folly or its fame on men.
From coarſer threads, or from the fineſt lawn,
Paper, that Proteus of all ſhapes, is drawn.
Charged with the lover's ſwift commands it goes,
The faithful herald of its bliſs, or woes;
Preſerves the hero's memorable name,
Embalms the poet, and enrolls to fame;

Or when the impreſs of the Bank it wears,
How quick it diſſipates perplexing cares!
Then why ſhould I my purer page deſtroy,
To pleaſe, in blotted lines, a ſimple boy?
No writer, ſtudious of his fame, ſhould fail
To let ſtrict morals in each line prevail.
The young, the old, the diſſolute, the vain,
Cheriſh the error of each poet's brain;
For when th' impreſſion's made,—the die is caſt,
And the ſtrong type in fetters holds us faſt!
Not all the treaſures India's mountains hold,
Nor all the wealth Peruvian mines unfold,
Can eaſe that author, whoſe immoral tongue
The praiſe of vice in ſyren numbers ſung:
No ſea of tears can waſh away the ſtain,
The poiſon ſpread, th' infection will remain.
"Out, out d—n—'d ſpot," in vain the wit ſhall cry,
The works ſurvive, although the writer die.
Hence many a bard at leiſure may repent,
And mourn his genius as his time miſpent,
When his lewd muſe leapt over virtue's bound,
And ſow'd unfruitful tares in cultur'd ground.
We might of CONGREVE and of DRYDEN ſay,
Licentious wit obſcur'd their brighter ray;
And PRIOR too, whoſe harp was finely ſtrung,
May wiſh in vain his idler themes unſung.
Theſe, theſe were bards, that juſtice well might own,
Obtain'd the bays in right of high renown.
Still might their works delight another age,
Had no looſe ſallies ſpoil'd their fairer page:

Such

Such wits, like vines, poſſeſs a two-fold charm,
Diſpenſing partial good, and partial harm.
With heart-felt joy we to that tree incline,
That gives an annual hope of gen'rous wine;
But when, by chemic art, ſome dangerous juice,
Turns the rich cordial to a deadly uſe,
We ſhun the cup, that's with fell poiſon fraught,
And dread the ſweets that mingle in the draught.

PHILANTHEA.

TO

TO

# PHILANTHROPUS:

## ON BENEVOLENCE AND DUTY TO STRANGERS.

THE repeated experience I have had of your great civility, nay more than civility, warm benevolence to *ſtrangers*, has long ſince attracted my admiration. This generous diſpoſition in you, is well known not to be founded on the ebullitions of giddy wit, or the caprices of whim or fortune: Therefore this conſpicuous virtue, with its ſiſter train, needs not the pen of a *ſtranger* to celebrate them. But ſuch was your noble and polite reception of that ſtranger, that the recollection of it has made my heart glow with fervent gratitude ever ſince. This piece of religious charity, (if I may ſo call it) has induced me to throw a few obſerva-

tions together, by way of eſſay, on that part of conduct or behaviour to a ſtranger, which I find ſtrongly recommended as a duty in ſacred writ; and when exerciſed in common life, highly diſtinguiſhes the well-bred perſon, and proclaim the goodneſs of heart and underſtanding.

Unuſual as it is, and fanatic as it may be deemed to quote ſcripture in letters to our friends, by the modiſh parts of ſociety, yet I perſuade myſelf that the perſon I am writing to, pays ſo juſt a reverence to the inſpired writings, that he will indulge me in this liberty. This benevolence to ſtrangers, certainly runs high in the Chriſtian line of duty; for to do good to them that have firſt done good to us, is what the law of nature requires, and the *heathens* themſelves did not neglect to perform. To prove that it ſtood very high in our Saviour's opinion, I need only repeat his pathetic words: *I was a ſtranger, and ye took me in.* I do not find, among all the circle of the duties he enjoined us, one more ſtrongly enforced, nor one to which a greater reward is promiſed. What

can

can be greater than our Lord's promiſing to reward it in the great day of retribution, as if done to himſelf? This certificate of kindneſs ſhown to the ſtranger, is a paſſport that will gain admittance to the courts of heaven: Nay farther, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you*, &c. &c. The righteous are repreſented as being ſurprized at ſuch a gracious invitation to the heavenly inheritance, and, conſcious they have not deſerved that bleſſing, aſk, among other things, *Lord, when ſaw we thee a ſtranger, and took thee in?* &c. &c. Our beneficent Judge anſwers, *Verily I ſay unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto the leaſt of theſe my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* St. PAUL was likewiſe very earneſt in recommending this duty to the *Hebrews: Be not forgetful to entertain ſtrangers, for thereby ſome have entertained angels unawares.* The worthy ADDISON ſeems to have a view to that injunction, when he ſays, "It is certainly the greateſt honour we can do our country, to diſtinguiſh ſtrangers of merit, who apply to us with modeſty and diffidence, which gene-

rally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modeſt behaviour ſhould alarm us, to examine whether we do not loſe ſomething excellent under that diſadvantage, in the poſſeſſor of that quality." Had the patriarchs forgot to have entertained *ſtrangers*, ABRAHAM would not have been honoured with the divine company of three angels at one time, nor LOT two at another. Theſe celeſtial viſitants had no heralds to proclaim their rights, nor harbingers to foretel their coming; and though the benevolent, at this period of time, can have but little or no hope for the ſociety of ethereal ſpirits, in return for their hoſpitality to *ſtrangers*, yet it muſt be acknowledged, that accidental acquaintance with our fellow-creatures, frequently forms the moſt laſting and valuable friendſhips; and ſecret deſigns of Providence often appear to be effected by it. Congenial ſouls ſeem to own each other at firſt ſight, and mutually demand a farther intimacy. When ſtrangers are found worthy of reciprocal confidence and eſteem, how noble are the bands

bands which unite them to their benefactor! that ſecret attraction, which, by an internal ſympathy, ſeemed firſt to draw them together, has many times proved too ſtrong for the blaſts of fortune to ſeparate.

But whatever are the merits of the *ſtranger*, it muſt be allowed, by all perſons of candour, they labour under almoſt inſuperable difficulties, when forced to the neceſſity of introducing themſelves to their ſuperiors. However juſt their cauſe may be to plead, modeſt merit can, but very ſeldom, be its own herald, with propriety: It is naturally coy in addreſſing thoſe perſons in rank or power, from whom they wiſh protection. This coyneſs may injudiciouſly be attributed to pride, when, in reality, it ariſes only from the fear of intruſion or repulſe; which makes nature recoil, depreſſes the ſoul, and has a very unhappy effect upon that perſon, who is compelled, reluctantly, to give in the teſtimony of its own worth: And an opportunity to do this is attended with amazing difficulty; for there are ſuch a herd of impoſtors gone out in the world, that it makes it very ha-

zardous for the voice of truth to be believed on ſuch an occaſion; and a delicate or ſenſible mind ſhrinks back with horror, at the bare idea of having its rectitude ſuſpected, or being ſuppoſed to be of the number of that ſpurious brood, who obtrude upon the credulous, and eat the bread of benevolence from thoſe legitimate children who have the greateſt right to it.

Would perſons, in high ſtations, a little more conſider the ſituation of *ſtrangers*, they might reflect, that few of any eminence of character are deſtined to ſpend their life upon that ſpot of ground on which they were born; nor, generally ſpeaking, could the ſtranger be ſo uſeful a member of the commonwealth, or exemplary in a high ſtation, if he did not ſometimes know viciſſitudes of fortune, or change of reſidence: Therefore it is very hard to deny acceſs to thoſe ſtrangers, who bring letters of credit in their countenance. Let me aſk you, PHILANTHROPUS, if they appear indigent or oppreſſed, can there be a more ſatisfactory delight, in all the gay circle of amuſements, than to relieve them from

from the former, or defend them from the latter? *Is it not more bleſſed to give than to receive?* And is it not the employment of that divine Being, who careth for the *ſtranger*, and pleadeth the cauſe of the *fatherleſs?*

The inſtability of human grandeur is ſuch, that no wiſe man will build on ſo ſandy a foundation. We need not go back to Job for an example of one amongſt many, who have fallen from the pinnacle of honour and temporal felicity, to a very low depth of external miſery! The ſacred hiſtory informs us,

" Thrice happy Job, long liv'd in regal ſtate,
" Nor ſaw the ſumptuous eaſt a prince ſo great,
" Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
" Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd:
" At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
" And ills on ills ſucceed;—a dreadful train!"

The cup of affliction will circulate; and thoſe that ſit furtheſt from it to-day, may be compelled to drink deep out of it to-morrow. No one can tell the future diſpenſations of Providence, or what may be our own cataſtrophe! Therefore, by acting as this up-

right man did in the days of his prosperity, *when he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame,* will be the best anchor of our souls, in the gloomy days of adversity! When this patriarch was bore, as it were, on eagle's wings, his affections soared with that lofty bird; nor could the cold hand of penury chill the ardour of his wishes, though it restrained the current of his actions.—Oh! said Job, *that I were as in months past!* when the candle of God shined upon his head, when princes gave ear to him: Then was the time this noble advocate pleaded the cause of the widow, the orphan, and the stranger, with such unremitting force and pathos! that oppression shrunk into her dark retreat, and opprobrious guilt dared not show its head.—The stranger did not lodge in the street, but Job opened his doors to the traveller;—and such treasures of balmy comfort and consolatory hope did this eminent counsellor freely pour into the breast of the disconsolate, by searching out the cause that he knew not, that *it caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.* Nor was this part of Job's goodness the

transient

tranſient glow of caſual benevolence, but he as conſtantly exerciſed himſelf in it, as he wore his daily garb; and ſuch was the happy effect of his example upon others, that it rouſed generoſity with ſuch ſpirit and eſteem, that this good man choſe out their way as a king in an army; becauſe a clear head, and a tender heart, made his judgment equally revered with the diſtinctions of royalty, *a robe and a diadem.*

It is probable, Job wiſely conſidered his opportunity of doing perſonal good to ſociety was but ſhort; and that if the viciſſitudes of fortune did not deprive him of the dear power of exerciſiing his native benevolence to the widow, the orphan, and ſtranger, the gloomy confines of the grave ſoon would; and, after death, worms would deſtroy that body that was then ſo active in obeying the will of its Creator. Nor can any individual tell how ſhort the time may be, before the head that is now meditating the happineſs of the diſtreſſed, will forget its employ; and the hand be no more ſtretched out to relieve its wants; Nor will the tongue be able to plead the cauſe

of the moſt worthy; and the ear will alſo be deaf, inexorably deaf, to its moſt piercing accents! when all our faculties lie benumbed in that receſs, where the cold hand of *death* draws a dark veil over all our ſenſes. But in the midſt of accumulated diſtreſs JOB was happy, not only in the reflection of his own rectitude, and exemplary benevolence, but that the bright mirror of his conduct led others to copy it alſo: For ſuch is the prevalence of example, that if one perſon in power protects, or lends a favourable ear to the ſuit of a *ſtranger*, others are ſometimes ſoon led to countenance him likewiſe, upon the bare ſuppoſition of merit, without inveſtigating its reality: But if the repulſe is communicated from the firſt refuſer, it generally influences many others in the ſame line of life, who will cry *hail*, or *crucify*, in imitation of the leading voice.

You well know, PHILANTHROPUS, that various and ſtrong are the injunctions under the Moſaic diſpenſation, to regard the *ſtranger*: There it was expreſsly commanded; *and if a ſtranger ſojourn with thee in your land, ye ſhall*

*not*

*not vex him: He ſhall be as one born amongſt you, and thou ſhalt love him as thyſelf: For ye were ſtrangers in the land of Egypt*, &c. &c. Again, *Do no violence to the ſtranger, nor oppreſs him*, &c. &c. Violence, I apprehend, is not wholly confined to thoſe acts, or injuries, which comes under the rod of law; but it is injuſtice to with-hold our good opinion from the *ſtranger*, till his merits (if dubious) have had a fair trial. What, next to a good conſcience, is more deſirable than a good name? Why then ſhould we be penurious in giving that to others, which every upright mind is happy to receive itſelf? If approbation is found the *ſtranger's* due, from the rectitude of his conduct, or great merit of abilities, how cruel to damp the vigour of his mind, by excluding him the hoſpitable manſion, and chearful or improving ſociety! which being very difficult for a ſtranger to form with ſafety and propriety, it ſometimes compels him to languiſh in obſcurity. But ſurely this neglect is, in a degree, *oppreſſing* the ſoul, if it is not doing *violence* to the body. Benevolence to the ſtranger (I muſt

repeat the word) was deemed ſacred among the ancients; and it is a virtue of ſuch magnitude, that it has often brought with it, its own reward, and proved the quickeſt way for the benevolent to eſtabliſh their own character. I think Dr. TILLOTSON ſaid, "A man may plant a tree, and live himſelf to be refreſhed under its ſhade; but he that nurtures genius, and gives encouragement and protection to the opening virtues of the worthy ſtranger, leaves a friend to poſterity, and, in a manner, embalms his own name in the duſt." I wiſh all great perſons thought, and acted, like this good arch-biſhop, ſo many hopeful geniuſes would not then pine for want of a patron, nor ſo many droop for want of a friend to acknowledge their merit.

No one but thoſe who have experienced it, can tell how extremely difficult it is for ſtrangers to know *when*, and *how* to addreſs their ſuperiors in rank, even on the moſt juſtifiable or important cauſes. The throbs of expectation, the natural dread of offending them, intimidates a perſon, who is obliged to introduce himſelf, and ſhrouds him

in

in an unnatural aukwardneſs, at the very time that he ſhould appear to the beſt advantage. Theſe are circumſtances that ſhould plead with ſome energy for the modeſt ſtranger, whoſe thoughts are overwhelmed in perturbation, and whoſe mind has much to feel on an occaſion, where he has ſomething to hope: But if perſons of rank and breeding would vouchſafe to countenance the ſtranger a little by polite encouragement, he might ſoon brighten under their eyes, and appear with ſerene interior merit, when diveſted of tremor: For to be received with cold formality, treated with arrogance and contumely, makes an *hiatus* in the ſoul, that depreſs, nay repels her powers of riſing virtue; and to be rejected with a NABAL's churliſhneſs, abſolutely benumbs her faculties, and is extreamly mortifying to an ingenuous nature. But it is ſtill worſe to be trained on by deceit, and made a dupe to refined falſhood; for as SENECA juſtly obſerves, "A flat denial is as infinitely before a vexatious delay, as a quick mercy is, compared to a lingering torment; and to be ſtretched on the tenter-hooks of expectation,

expectation, after a promiſe of favour is made, is a cruelty intolerable!" but yet a cruelty frequently practiſed.

See innocence with various cares diſtreſs'd,
Unfed, uncloath'd, unmanſion'd, and oppreſs'd!
See modeſt worth 'midſt troubles undeſerv'd!
Admir'd, repuls'd, juſt pity'd, prais'd, and ſtarv'd!
Yet ſtill rejoice, the ſons of virtuous woe,
Though proſperous vice triumphant reigns below,
On honour's mount, though glares the perjur'd chief,
They walk contented through the vale of grief.

The charge of CYRUS the Great to his ſons.

ONELY.

I believe it is very difficult to aſcend this mount of honour: Some will ſay, that no one is permitted to take a ſeat there, but ſuch as are dreſſed in the pureſt habits of virtue: Yet ſometimes theſe perſons of real dignity will receive, with auſterity of manners, the ſtranger who aſpires to tread the ſame arduous path to the hill, of which they have happily reached the ſummit.

It is recorded, in the hiſtory of the renowned CICERO, "that his houſe was open to all

all the learned ſtrangers and philoſophers of *Greece* and *Aſia*; ſeveral of whom were conſtantly entertained in it, as part of his family, and ſpent their whole lives with him; and what is equally to the honour of this noble Roman, is,—that he was never charged with deceiving, deſerting, or even ſlighting any one, whom he had once called his friend, or eſteemed an honeſt man. It was his delight to advance their proſperity, and relieve their adverſity; the ſame friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was moſt wanted, and his ſervices the moſt diſintereſted; looking upon it not as a friendſhip, but a ſordid traffic, and merchandiſe of benefits, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice eſtimate of gain and loſs. His writings abound with ſentiments of this ſort, as his life did with the examples of them: For he would not ſuffer the importunity of requeſts, but prevented them by a ſeries of extenſive beneficence, as far as his power would extend the neceſſity of making them." Nor are we to refer only to paſt ages for examples of benevolence to ſtrangers:

For

For I am informed, our own countryman, the late eminent Dr. MEAD, was one amongſt others, who kept a public table for their reception; and there he irradiated their minds with his extenſive knowledge, and that polite attention, that did honour to a name, ſo highly celebrated in the medical art, as MEAD's was well known to be.

Every ſociety repleniſhes the mind with matter, where the ſparks of genius are viſible, and the mental powers ſtrong; and when a perſon is actuated by a noble philanthropy of ſoul, he conſiders all mankind as his brethren, while experience and reflection on what he is ſubject to, as a human creature, will not permit his beneficent actions to be either latent or local. Nothing is thought more deſcriptive of the man of good breeding and ſenſe, than his polite attention to a ſtranger, that intimates a deſire of being known to him. The benevolent conſiders, in ſuch a caſe, the ſtranger may have matters of ſecrecy, delicacy, or importance to impart to him, that could not, with propriety, be communicated to ſervants, and therefore

will

will not admit their favour to be courted by illicit meaſures, to get admiſſion to their principal. The good and great Mr. Boyle ſaid, "He knew the heart of a ſtranger by experience in his travels, and therefore would not vex him, nor be denied acceſs to any perſon who deſired to be introduced to him, howſoever deeply he was engaged in thoſe ſtudies, which have ſince ſo greatly benefited the world." The deſired interview and protection, in ſuch caſes, illuminates the ſoul of the ſtranger, and gives vigour and activity to his undertakings: Beſides, urbanity of diſpoſition gains the love of one's country, and, generally ſpeaking, makes many proſelytes to virtue. Such a perſon will neither deceive by vain hopes, and flattering promiſes, nor yet rudely turn from the modeſt ſtranger; but will be more intereſted in his favour from his ſilent eloquence, pleading looks, and intelligent deportment, than from all the volubility of the preſumptuous and arrogant. No one, whoſe circumſtances or improvements leads him into diſtant countries, but would wiſh to form an agreeable ſociety with the inhabitants of that

place

place where he is a ſojourner. But would the principal inhabitants, like my friend PHILANTHROPUS, ſet the example of benevolence by his own conduct, it might make the boſom of the ſtranger more chearful and ſerene, in the days of its pilgrimage, and give it that expanding pleaſure, that you often tranſmit to the heart of your friends and gueſts.

I know, PHILANTHROPUS, it is an eſtabliſhed maxim with you, that if the ſtranger endeavours to behave with all the uniform propriety of manners, and rectitude of conduct, that diſtinguiſhes the *gentleman*, he is intitled, whilſt a reſident here, to all the civilities and attention, which he would readily ſhow a ſtranger in his own country.

But perhaps reſerve is a conſtitutional fault, for, I think, SMOLLET obſerves, "It is peculiar to the Engliſh diſpoſition:" And that traveller tells us, "When two natives, of any other country, chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embraces like old friends, even though they had never ſeen one another till that moment; whereas two Engliſhmen,

liſhmen, in the ſame ſituation, maintain a mutual reſerve and diffidence, and keep without the ſphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulſive power." Similar to this is the opinion of a modern writer, the great Biſhop Hurd, whoſe ſentiments on this ſubject runs thus:

"Our country has never been famous for the civility of its inhabitants. We have rather been ſtigmatized in all ages, and are ſtill conſidered by the reſt of *Europe*, as proud, churliſh, and unſocial. The very circumſtance of our Iſland-ſituation ſeems to expoſe us to the juſt reproach of inhoſpitality; and if with this diſadvantage we ſhould cheriſh, and not correct, thoſe vices which ſo naturally ſpring from it, what leſs could we expect, than to be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch names, as our ill-manners would well deſerve, though our pride might ſuffer from the application of them?"

Whether theſe obſervations are generally juſt or not, I am incapable of deciding; but my noble friend, to whom I have the honour to be writing, who has made every polite nation

his

his own, can beſt determine. One thing is certain, PHILANTHROPUS, the benevolence of your manners at home contradict the aſſertion; otherwiſe, your *houſe* would not be diſtinguiſhed for its continued hoſpitality.—There the ſtranger meets with the moſt affable, polite, and reſpectful reception:—There the learned may converſe with the ancient ſages, and modern bards:—There the curious may diſplay their taſte in juſt admiration of thoſe celebrated ornamental beauties, that might adorn the cabinets of princes:—There the charms of the fine arts are ſo fully diſplayed, by a variety of objects, that no one, capable of contemplation, can behold them with one equal coldneſs and indifference; for they raiſe ſuch agreeable and noble ideas! that the mind muſt be inſtantly determined in the approbation of them:—There the venerable buſts of the renowned dead, carry back the thoughts to the moſt extenſive and ſublime characters; and the modeſt eye is not there rendered difficult to look up, by the exhibition of a drunken BACCHUS, a wanton VENUS, or a thundering

JOVE,

JOVE, &c. &c. forms which may diſplay the great genius of ſculpture and ſtatuary, but cannot delight the delicate mind, when the feet recoils at ſuch indecent images! and howſoever they might charm the Heathen world, it is very ſurprizing to me that they ſhould the Chriſtian. Nor is it in your apartments, Sir, that the ſcholar and virtuoſo *only* are to be entertained; but the canvaſs ſpeaks from each attractive form, and commands the admiration of the judicious in paintings:—There we may ſee the art and ſymmetry of a RAPHAEL, or KNELLER, diſplayed in each diſtinguiſhed hero, or celebrated beauty. But whilſt we revere the glowing colours of the noble maſters, a moral thought ſtrikes the mind: It is, my good friend, that benevolent actions outlive the artiſt's pencil, and hiſtorian's page, and lead to thoſe realms of conſummate beauty and felicity, that are not ſubject to decay:—There, I hope, PHILANTHROPUS, you will be amply rewarded, for all your generous conduct, (while veſted with mortality) to the widow,

widow, the orphan, and ſtranger, as well as for that chain of beneficent actions, with which you have often bleſſed,

Worthy Sir,

Your admiring and grateful,

PHILANTHEA.

TO

## TO THE SAME:

### ON THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVELLING.

THE more I am in your company, and with thoſe perſons of rank, and enlarged capacity, who frequent your houſe, the more I am convinced that travelling is, in many reſpects, requiſite, to compleat the character of an accompliſhed gentleman. No doubt but travelling is, or ought to be, ſubſervient to the beſt motives of improvement, as by that advantage the traveller gains great experience of the cuſtoms, laws, and manners that preſide among foreigners, which imparts thoſe new ideas of pleaſure and reflection to the traveller, which cannot be acquired by conſtantly reſiding in his native country. When reaſon is the noble youth's preceptor, he will not much want any other tutor; the clear rays of wiſdom will then

then teach him to regard every country as his home, and to collect all the knowledge he can from each, as a citizen of the world, and not merely to wing his way through different climates, like a bird of paſſage, with his eyes ſhut.

But then I apprehend, in order to acquire the deſired improvements of travel, it ſhould not be taken in childhood. Our young gentlemen ſhould know what truth and reaſon is, and be acquainted with the cuſtoms or defects, and likewiſe with the natural or moral advantages ariſing from the fundamental laws of their own country, before they can hope to derive benefit from foreign excurſions; and when this home knowledge is firſt gained, it will enable our travelling youth to carry abroad an internal freight of valuable merchandize, and ſink that too general wonder, which expoſes our unthinking, raw, unexperienced ſtriplings, to juſt ridicule. The requiſite knowledge of our conſtitution, and forms of government at *home*, both civil and eccleſiaſtical, would make our youth much more pertinent and manly in their enquiries

of

of thoſe *abroad*; and, at the ſame time, give opportunities of forming acquaintance of the greateſt utility with eminent perſons, with whom, probably, they may contract permanent friendſhips: For I imagine, enlightened and benevolent ſtrangers will not readily unlock their latent ſtreams of diffuſive knowledge, but to thoſe who have a proper thirſt for improvement, and have ſomething deſirable and pleaſing to give in exchange, by relation of their own country, when they appear ſolicitous to be informed of the faſhions, curioſities, manufactories, or prevailing cuſtoms of others; and it muſt be allowed, change of company, and ſituation, gives a great inſight into the experience of many perſons, to the man of obſervation.

A judicious traveller is juſtly compared by a foreigner, "to a river that increaſes its ſtreams, the farther it flows from its ſource; or to certain ſprings, which, running through rich veins of mineral, improve their qualities as they paſs along." Such a traveller will endeavour to collect and tranſplant into his own character, what does honour to thoſe of

foreign nations; and his rectitude of conduct will cauſe him to be eſteemed as an ornament of his own country, whilſt he is intitled, by his prudent behaviour, to the protection of the ſtate through which he paſſes. Theſe are advantages perſons cannot attain, whoſe converſation lies among plebeians, and are chained to the rough pillar of neceſſity at home: Nor can thoſe that go abroad enjoy them, unleſs the mind is in a tolerable eaſy ſituation: For when the ſoul is harraſſed by diſappointment, or its powers cramped by indigence, and wafted from one idea of propoſed happineſs to another, it cannot then ſettle on the ſolid ſhore of ſenſe, but often lies buried in its ſands.

But when the mind is free, and its perception clear, every ſociety repleniſhes the memory, and afford, to the inquiſitive traveller, replete matter of improvement: For a prudent perſon will always venerate good people of all denominations, and endeavour to give them no cauſe to condemn our eſtabliſhed religion, whilſt a reſident among thoſe of a different perſuaſion. Would our noble, liberal

liberal youth, fix this ſtandard of prudence in their minds and conduct, many of them would acquire more ſolid advantages than appear at their return home; and the religion they were educated in, would ſuffer leſs than it often does, from the ſcandal given to it by libertine profeſſors, in the eyes of enemies to it. Howſoever, Lord CHESTERFIELD has thought fit to interweave intrigues, and recommend the violation of the ſacred laws of hoſpitality, into the traveller's *catechiſm*, (as requiſite to form the character of a gallant or faſhionable man) I am confident no one, but another TARQUIN, will adhere to his lordſhip's tenets in thoſe inſtructions, how juſtly ſoever a man of principle may eſteem many others on the ſame ſubject. But even theſe precepts, I think, are more inculcated to form the man of faſhion, than the great or uſeful character; for the latter muſt be engaged in more laſting and laudable purſuits, than the minutiæ of *politeneſs*; and the conſtant attention to the *graces*, ſo often enjoined, will ſometimes be neglected, when the truly great mind is employed on im-

portant matters; and then theſe qualifications for the drawing-room, muſt give place to thoſe for the *ſenate*, where a CHATHAM has, and may ſhine, ſuperior to an ADONIS. A traveller, ſtudious to improve his time and faculties, will readily leave the *graces* of a *beau*, to leſs vigorous and inferior ſpirits, who may be incapable of greater attainments. Neither will ſuch a one make compliances hurtful to his conſcience, when among foreigners who are bigotted to their own religion; but being poſſeſſed of ſteady principles to poize his conduct, and an internal law to direct his judgment, he will be diſcretely ſilent on that ſubject, on which he cannot hope to make proſelytes to his own opinion. Yet, in matters of light importance, the traveller will not be rigid on trifles, but eaſily accede, where he innocently can, to the taſte of the company he happens to aſſociate with; and conſider, that the French vivacity and politeneſs, taken with the Engliſh ſolidity of manners, frequently form a pleaſing mode of behaviour in mixed ſociety. Perhaps this obſervation has been one reaſon,

why

why our own countrymen are allowed to have had more honours paid them abroad, than travellers of any other nation; and it is natural to ſuppoſe, this grateful compliment ſhown to former travellers, muſt excite an emulation in our preſent youth, to behave worthy of that diſtinction abroad, and forbid them to import to us, on their return home, the gay weeds (I might ſay vices) of foreign climates, when we only hope for and expect the flowers.

What Dr. HAWKESWORTH ſaid in regard to propriety and preciſion in converſation, may be applied to travelling: "It increaſes the ideas to many uſeful purpoſes, or augments our ſtock of practical knowledge neceſſary to thinking. Thought gives the mind not only riches, but arms; it beſtows alſo dexterity and ſtrength." But a man may travel, as well as read, without improvement, if he will not take the pains to make juſt obſervations on the road. Again, the modeſt traveller will ſeldom, by poſitive aſſertions, advance what the company thinks incredible to believe; but will ſometimes ſound a grace-

ful retreat, even when he can maintain his argument, and give nice attention to what others ſay on the ſame ſubject: For modeſty is a great ornament to youth, and the bluſh of budding reaſon and virtue has ſuch a peculiar charm in it, that it ſublimates our ideas of the perfection of that mind, which ſeems to ſhrink from applauſe.

I think I have read, that the ancient ſages of Greece had ſo ardent a paſſion for improvement, that they travelled into Egypt to procure it, that being the parent country of the liberal ſciences, or primitive erudition; and lately, that true friend to learning, and benefactor to the world, ADDISON, our countryman, was induced, by his thirſt of knowledge, to viſit moſt of the countries in EUROPE. I wiſh all gentlemen, who make what is called the *grand tour*, would bring but half the advantages of travelling back with them that ADDISON did, it would much enrich and improve this little Iſland: For the generous communications of his great attainments, in the enlarged ſciences of arts, manners, books, and men, are, by that great author,

author, ſo nobly illuſtrated, and finely touched, that his compoſitions muſt always be a treaſure with the judicious reader. If chronology would admit the ſuppoſition, one would be ready to imagine, ADDISON had been a pupil of PYTHAGORAS, in many reſpects more than his taciturnity and philoſophy: For he tells us, "that this predeceſſor of his travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpoſe to converſe with the moſt learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is ſtill admired as a prodigy of ſcience."

But I do not remember that the advantages of travelling are in any book better illuſtrated, than in ZENOPHON's Life of CYRUS the Great. How much did travel and obſervation contribute to form the humane man, the great general, and the wiſe, political king! The luxury and ſplendour of the Median court, could not affect the ſteady mind of CYRUS, though but at the age of ſixteen, and under the influence of his grandfather ASTYAGES, at Ecbatana. When in the full vigour of youth, he renounced every pleaſure

that he could not make ſubſervient to inſtruction, and looked coldly on the amuſements of every clime, that did not tend to his improvement. Well might the wiſe SOLON embrace CYRUS at his departure from *Athens*, and tell him, "that nation was happy who had a prince, like him, that travelled over the earth and ſeas, to carry back into his own country all the treaſures of wiſdom." As I wiſh to credit RAMSAY* in this relation, I will venture to recite, nearly, ſome of that author's words, in the Travels of CYRUS: "With what amazing celerity did this indefatigable prince viſit Egypt, Sparta, Corinth, Samos, Crete, Babylon, &c. &c. to learn the hiſtory, manners, policy, and religion of each nation, that he might the better know how to govern his own? In his various diſcourſes with great kings, and renowned philoſophers, how did the young hero tranſplant into his noble breaſt, all that true greatneſs and goodneſs that royalty could inſpire, or

* RAMSAY is, by ſome perſons, thought an apocryphal hiſtorian.

the

the ancient ſages could teach! Though the Perſians were naturally rough, and their virtues maſculine, yet CYRUS obſerved at Athens, that fine ſentiments, and delicate ſenſibilities, with their ſiſter graces, did not denote a weakneſs of genius, but a refined ſoul."

Nor has it been thought beneath the great mind of one, eſteemed the greateſt among men, to claſs for improvement among the meaneſt of his ſoldiers or ſailors, to attain military knowledge, or acquire the great art of navigation; and in that employ, to *ſee the wonders of God in the deep*. Did not PETER the *Great* deſcend from his throne, to be acquainted with the ſtructure of a ſhip, in the greateſt maritime kingdom in the world? Could the knowledge he got here, or in Holland, when he ſerved as a private ſailor in his own fleets, make him leſs conſiderate to the hardſhips of his mates, when he was promoted by his merits to the firſt commands, both in the land and ſea-ſervice? I am ready to ſuppoſe, ſuch an example muſt greatly animate the courage and fidelity of the emperor's ſervants in each employ, and at the

ſame time fix, in his own breaſt, a high regard for thoſe uſeful and brave men, who were the ſtrong defence and ſafeguard of his ſtate; without whom, greatneſs ſits but on a tottering throne. Doubtleſs, our modern fine gentlemen would think it very hard, to work in a foreign republic dock-yard as a ſhip-builder; but the czar of Muſcovy thought it increaſed his internal greatneſs, to acquire a perſonal knowledge of thoſe arts he wanted a juſt information of; and at the ſame time it helped him to civilize his barbarous ſubjects, and gain their fervent love and admiration.

And here permit me, PHILANTHROPUS, to glance at the magnanimous conduct of the preſent emperor of GERMANY. His Imperial majeſty (I am credibly informed) is not only indefatigable in viſiting the moſt diſtant parts of his own extenſive kingdoms, and watching perpetually over the good and well-being of his ſubjects; but he hath alſo travelled through France, Italy, and part of Swiſſerland: Nor vanity nor idle curioſity, it is juſtly to be preſumed, were the motives

that

that tempted his majeſty to quit his capital, where he is eſteemed, nay almoſt worſhipped, by a moſt grateful people. But adoration would not procure him that perſonal intelligence he wanted to gain: Therefore, he minutely enquired into the ſtate of all the manufactories in the reſpective countries he viſited; nay, Sir, the emperor has condeſcended to converſe with the loweſt artiſts, and meaneſt mechanics, in order to obtain new lights into the various and numberleſs objects of his rational enquiries: The very farmers were frequently conſulted, and plowmen queſtioned by him. Happy, ſupremely happy! are the ſubjects, whoſe gracious prince makes his ſole pleaſure conſiſt in promoting their aggrandizement! and ſhould it pleaſe the ALMIGHTY, in his mercy, to continue the preſervation of ſo precious a life, doubtleſs his Imperial majeſty will become, like TITUS, *the delight of human kind!* And why may we not augur the ſame glorious conſequences, in his proper ſphere, as attendant upon the travelling of his highneſs the biſhop of OSNABURG? His royal parents, it is well known,

have not only been indefatigable in inſtilling, (with the niceſt gradation) the beſt of principles into *him*, as well as the numerous princes, his brothers and royal ſiſters, by example as well as precept: But our gracious ſovereign is reported to have taken all poſſible care himſelf, in procuring the princes the wiſeſt governors, and moſt learned preceptors, in order to accelerate their improvements at home, previous to their receiving the uſeful and laſting accompliſhments of travel, to compleat the finiſhed education; and after all the natural and acquired endowments that the royal family are bleſſed with, muſt it not be eaſy and grateful to prognoſticate, that each of them, who are now flouriſhing like olive-branches around their auguſt parents table, ſhould not anticipate the warmeſt expectations they, and their affectionately dutiful ſubjects, have already formed in their favour!

But perhaps, PHILANTHROPUS, you may juſtly think that I am wading out of my depth, in this diſſertation on the advantages of travel, and aiming too high in illucidating my

my ſubject, thus to analyze the character of princes, whoſe illuſtrious rank, and important ſtations, are not to be held out as examples, for the utility of travelling, to private gentlemen. But I hope you will underſtand, that I do not mean all along foreign travel, which is not in every man's power to take, (nor perhaps to profit by); but I would wiſh them to acquire all the uſeful knowledge this Iſland can afford, if circumſtances will not admit them to add to it, the higher poliſh that is to be attained in that big *word*, the world at large. You, Sir, who have ſhaken off all local prejudices, which are too often imbibed by thoſe that will converſe with but one ſet of men, can beſt define the utility or travelling, who have done ſo much credit unto it. You have known what it is to reſide in camps and courts, and likewiſe confine yourſelf to the moſt uſeful and enlarged ſtudies, yet do not bring into company the pedantry of either. But, on the contrary, blend the lettered principles of the latter, with the eaſy politeneſs of the former.

You've gather'd fruits that diff'rent climes afford,
And now diſpenſe them freely round your board;
Their ſweet ſucceſſion chears the varied hour,
Your gueſts you treat not with the grape that's ſour.
But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care,
Impell'd with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far,—yet as I follow flies.
My fortune leads to *painful toil* alone,
Nor find I ſpot of all the earth my own;
Like yon neglected ſhrub,—at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep,—and ſighs at ev'ry blaſt:
Yet ſtill, where'er I roam,—whate'er I ſee,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee!
Still to thy friendſhip turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a length of chain.

It is probable, moſt perſons that go abroad experience many infelicities in their foreign excurſions, as we may ſuppoſe GOLDSMITH did, when he wrote ſome of the above lines in his poem, intitled *The Traveller*, or that lively portrait of virtue in diſtreſs, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; but the accidents to which a perſon is ſubject unto, *unacknowledged*, *unapproved*, are a kind of ſlights that muſt not make

make the heart of that ſtranger ſore who travels in ſearch of improvement or intereſt; it being impoſſible to reap a field of corn, without having our feet ſometimes hurt by its ſtubble.

Travelling, like politeneſs of manners, I take to be a kind of national improvement to the mind, that is properly prepared to receive it, and certainly one of the beſt ſchools to form the man of the world in, as well as the man of ſcience; and I imagine there are moſt uſeful advantages to be obtained on this ſide the water, requiſite to accompliſh the good and private gentleman, without riſking his morals, health, and ſpending time and fortune in ſearch of it abroad; for if the traveller goes no farther than this vaſt ſplendid metropolis, and bounds his converſation *here* to the moſt intelligent and good men in it, conſiderable improvements may be acquired to ingenious youth: For certainly letters, arts and ſciences, flouriſh here with ſolidity, if not ſo luxuriantly as in foreign climates; and curioſity, more than utility, muſt influence that traveller who will tempt the ſeas, to go into Egypt for myſterious learning,

ing, or to meaſure the height of her pyramids. A man of capacity, family, and fortune, is juſtly expected to riſe above the home-bred plebeian, in external accompliſhments, as well as internal endowments, and to break through the ſordid influence of provincial education. We do not expect ſuch a gentleman to entertain us merely with the extent of his *acres*, the excellencies of the canine ſpecies,—nor yet, of thoſe nobler quadrupeds, the companions of the chace! From the real gentleman we anticipate greater enjoyment and intelligence in converſation than can be found in diſſertations on the ſtable and kennel: But to theſe dull ſubjects ſometimes it muſt be owned, the joys of the bottle adds a ſparkling radiance! When this tranſient delight in entertainment ſubſides with the ruſtic 'ſquire, frequently an acerbity takes place, only for want of having his ideas more enlarged, which would tinge his roughneſs with a little politeneſs.

But after all that I have ſaid on the advantage of travel to gentlemen, I am very certain a knowledge of this ſpecious, attrac-

tive *world!* howſoever uſeful in point of experience, is not the leading accompliſhment in the female character. We may eaſily learn the duties of our proper ſphere at home; and there, might we be ſometimes permitted to hear the converſation of travelled gentlemen, it might convey to our rational faculties much entertainment and improvement. But theſe crude notions, from a female confined in ſituation and abilities, are humbly ſubmitted to your great experience, and better judgment, with this hope, that you will condeſcend, with your wonted candour, to communicate more ſubſtantial arguments, for or againſt the advantage of travel, to

Your obedient,

Humble ſervant,

PHILANTHEA.

A FA-

# A FATHER's PRAYER FOR HIS CHILDREN.

O God! whoſe kingdom fix'd above,
To babes is liken'd well,
Where innocence abides with love,
And peace and meekneſs dwell;

Look down!—a father's ſorrows read,
A father's ſuccour lend!
The babes, in whoſe behalf I plead,
Could never Thee offend.

Their infant years from danger keep,
Nor yet in age forſake;
By night protect them when they ſleep,
And watch them when they wake.

Let not the guileful ſnares of youth,
Their hearts from virtue draw;
Preſerve them in the paths of truth,
And guide them in thy law.

Let

Let not th' offences of the ſire,
  Upon the child deſcend!
But ſpare the guiltleſs in thine ire,
  And let thy judgments end.

Bread, and a father's bleſſing give,
  The childrens' wants ſupply;
And in thy precepts let them live,
  As they would wiſh to die.

THEO. SWIFT.

AN

# AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. PARRY, OF CIRENCESTER.

WHEN ev'ning grey her dusky mantle spread,
And busy care reclin'd its drooping head,
My pensive thoughts with teeming woes oppress,
Chac'd from my eyes their salutary rest.
Yet no base passions, wild tormenting rage,
Disturb'd my rest, nor could my mind engage;
Dead t' ambitions' tinsell'd charms I stand,
Nor can th' offers of her treacherous hand,
Shipwreck my peace on that deluding strand.

Why then should sleep deny its soothing pow'r,
To calm my soul in this all-silent hour?
Why morning's dawn no chearful beams diffuse,
Nor thoughts inspire to aid an infant muse?
Ah me! what mournful sounds invade my ears!
What dire event now justifies my fears!

The

The recent loſs demands a gen'ral groan,
Since PARRY's dead!—who can forbear to moan?
For tho' to private grief the Muſe gives way,
A public loſs anticipates the lay;
A public loſs demands a gen'ral tear,
The wiſe and good united, ſhed them here!

O would ſome tuneful bard, in plaintive verſe,
PARRY's bright talents and his praiſe rehearſe;
His poliſh'd virtues to the world diſplay,
And from the ſoul this grateful tribute pay.
My drooping muſe ſhould never ſeek to wound
APOLLO's nymphs, with inharmonious ſound;
But ſince my ſupplication won't prevail
With you, in ſympathy to aid my tale,
I'll call on mem'ry, of immortal fame,
To conſecrate her *truth* to PARRY's name.
'Tis thine our loſt ideas to reſtore,
And ſilent glories blaze from ſhore to ſhore;
'Tis thine to reſcue from oblivion's ſhade,
Graces that might adorn the throne and glade;
And ſince the tuneful ſiſters won't impart
Their flowing numbers to a bleeding heart,
No chearful notes will poignant grief inſpire,
When woe, like water, damps the mental fire!
The hireling's pen, that writes for ſordid gain,
Poetic grace much ſooner might obtain,
Than mourning ſouls, who a ſad off'ring bring,
Surcharg'd with grief, they trembling touch the ſtring.

But

But come thou pious muſe, URANIA come,
And ſtrew freſh laurels o'er thy PARRY's tomb,
For at his ſhrine th' Aonian nymphs ſhou'd mourn,
And wreaths of cypreſs twine around his *urn:*
He knew full well your radiant worth to prize,
And all your graces ſparkled in his eyes!
Sweet and majeſtic were thoſe heav'nly ſtrains,
Which he reſounded on theſe mortal plains.
Philanthropy, that inmate of his ſoul,
Held ev'ry ſordid paſſion in controul;
With dear delight he ſooth'd the widow's grief,
And gave the orphan's burthen'd mind relief.
Merit oppreſs'd, ſtill gain'd his loudeſt voice,
And gen'rous candour fix'd his early choice;
Baſe envy ne'er deform'd his placid breaſt,
But active kindneſs all his thoughts poſſeſs'd.

In ev'ry form bright learning's robe he wore,
Yet pedant pride ne'er ſhow'd the ſacred ſtore:
To ev'ry theme ſuch graceful converſe fit,
Reſiſtleſs eloquence, and ſterling wit
Charm'd ev'ry ear;—and ev'ry boſom glow'd,
To catch perſuaſive wiſdom as it flow'd.

True to his country and religion's cauſe,
Yet never ſway'd by pow'r, or by applauſe,
The regent conſcience always fix'd his laws.
No magic gold cou'd tempt his upright mind,
To leave the flock to whom his ſoul was join'd;
Preferments luring voice ſtill ſu'd in vain,
Nor cou'd entreaty ever break the chain.

His

His piety had fix'd!—*The ſtedfaſt man*
Could, with contempt, Peru's great treaſures ſcan.

While oft, illuſtrious BATHURST at thy ſide,
(O friend to genius, and thy country's pride!)
How ſweet the hours in converſe paſs'd away,
On NEWTON, ADDISON, POPE, SWIFT, and GAY!
Th' Auguſtan age inſpir'd the tuneful ſong,
That chear'd the old, while it inform'd the young.

But now th' unfetter'd ſoul has wing'd its way,
T' explore new worlds through everlaſting day,
Say, heav'nly muſe, what does his mind employ,
In yonder realms of pure celeſtial joy!
Where ſtrains ecſtatic charm th' unfolding ear,
Which nought but renovated organs hear.
O would ſome courteous angel but make known,
What can engage the ſoul ſo lately flown;
Does PARRY's harp join the angelic band?
Or elſe o'erpow'r'd with numbers does he ſtand,
By harmony entranc'd?—Tho' here his lyre
Was oft times warm'd with ſtrong ſeraphic fire!

But oh! departed friend, 'midſt themes divine,
Unto the muſe's humble pray'r incline;
If in thoſe manſions to th' juſt aſſign'd,
Thou'rt free t' extend thy cares to human kind,
Look down propitious on thy friends in life,
Thy charming offſpring, and thy mourning wife;
Once beſt of huſband's, and of father's dear,
O deign to dry the fond impaſſion'd tear.

Tell

Tell them the ſpirit of MARIA bleſt,
In azure robes, and virgin beauties dreſt,
Was the firſt ſaint to welcome thee above,
In ecſtacy ſublime of filial love;
And onwards lead thee to that bleſt abode,
Where heav'nly cherubs fall t' adore their God!

Oh! if in viſions thou canſt grief allay,
And unſeen viſits to weak mortals pay,
Brighten their hopes, and ſooth the ſoul diſtreſs'd,
Shed healing balm in thy late conſort's breaſt.
As each revolving year was wont to roll,
Your bliſs improv'd in ſympathy of ſoul;
What gave one joy,—ſtill charm'd the other's heart,
Till death relentleſs threw his ebon dart.
Myſterious friendſhip!—thou deluding ſound,
To ſouls *that* feel it, what a pow'r to wound
Has tyrant death? *A mandate none can ſtay,*
But prince and peaſant makes alike its prey!
Ah! what keen pangs were in that laſt embrace,
When the dread monarch ſhow'd his griſly face!
But when th' archangel's trump ſets nations free,
What revolution ſhall this tyrant ſee,
Conquer'd by HIM that died for thee and me.
The righteous then will mount on eagle's wing,
And ſongs triumphant to their Maker ſing;
Meanwhile religion's energy divine,
Shou'd ſooth our griefs, and make our ſorrows ſhine;
In patience let us dry our weeping eyes,
While faith and hope tranſport us to the ſkies.

There

There our great Maſter has prepar'd a ſeat
For pious ſouls;—and will our entrance greet
To thoſe bleſt realms;—where, free from mortal pain,
Triumphant joy and love for ever reign.

But hark—methinks celeſtial ſounds I hear,
Welcome dear PARRY to the bliſsful ſphere!
Then ceaſe my mourning muſe, URANIA ceaſe,
Angels now waft him to eternal peace *.

PHILANTHEA.

* In Lord BATHURST's life, in the ſecond edition of the Biographia Britannica, Mr. PARRY is mentioned in the following terms:

"Mr. PARRY, the diſſenting clergyman of Cirenceſter, who was a "gentleman of conſiderable learning and taſte, and who joined with "the decorum of his character, a liberality of ſentiments and manners, and a ſprightly and amiable temper, was honoured with Lord "BATHURST's particular regard."

AN

# EPIGRAM

ON THE

## PAINTINGS of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR Joshua, master of the mimic art,
Paints in the face the passions of the heart;
Sketch'd by his hand, the rudest portraits please,
The strength of Rembrant with Corregio's ease!
But soon the transitory tints decay,
A morning sun, that melts at noon away:
Yet candour owns, say critics what they will,
That he goes off with *flying colours* still.

THEO. SWIFT.

A CHA-

A

# CHARACTER

OF

## W. H. W. ESQUIRE.

BY A LADY.

YOU have wit and politeneſs we all muſt confeſs,
Your air a-la-mode, with a pleaſing addreſs;
A generous temper, untainted with fear,
You are eaſy, you are lively, you are partly ſincere;
And you ſeem, while you *flirt*, to mean what you ſay,
Though you laugh, and forget us as ſoon as away:
You lack not ambition, ſupported by ſpirit,
Nor yet to be told you've a ſomething like merit:
Whether coxcomb, or not, I can't really gueſs,
Sometimes I think *no*,—and ſometimes I think *yes*.
To judge of your morals, I can't I declare,
Your ſentiments flow in a manner ſo rare.
But then for your *modeſty*——this, I muſt ſay,
You can glance a ſhy look in an impudent way.
You are humble,—you are bold,—you are wild, and yet grave,
Your wit may divert, while your ſenſe may enſlave;
You're, in fine, an original problem to me,
That I never can ſolve, I plainly foreſee.

## ON READING THE

# POEMS

## OF

# PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

TO ſhame the formal circle of the ſchool,
That chain their pupils down by pedant rules,
Curbing the inſolence of learned lore,
There lately came from India's ſwarthy ſhore,
In nature's ſable charms, a lowly maid,
By fortune doom'd to languiſh in the ſhade;
Till Britain call'd the ſeeds of genius forth,
Maturing, like the ſun, her native worth.
Though no high birth nor titles grace her line,
Yet humble PHILLIS boaſts a race divine;
Like marble that in quarries lies conceal'd,
Till all its veins, by *poliſh*, ſtand reveal'd;
From whence ſuch groups of images ariſe,
We praiſe the artiſt, and the ſculpture prize.
Go on, ſweet maid, of Providence once more
Divinely ſing, and charm another ſhore;
No fetters thus thy genius ſhall controul,
Nor iron laws reſtrain thy towering ſoul.

PHILANTHEA.

# LINES

## ADDREST TO A

# LITTLE GIRL,

### WHO CAME INTO THE AUTHOR'S CLOSET, REQUESTING HER TO RELATE STORIES.

CEASE Kitty, ceaſe thy charming tattle,
I cannot now attend thy prattle;
That lively prattle, ſure to pleaſe,
Whene'er the mind is more at eaſe.
Let not thy ſpeaking eyes entreat,
The tales I cannot now repeat;
From ſtudy, rhyme, and buſineſs free,
I'll court thy ſweet ſimplicity.
Thy queſtions ſtrong, thy manners mild,
Beſpeaks the woman in the child.
The beauties that thy mind diſcloſe,
Deſcribe the dawning of the roſe;
Like which, it opens, and diſplays
A thouſand tints, a thouſand rays;
Each thought a leaf, in which we ſee
What ripening virtues bloom in thee.

PHILANTHEA.

TO

# CURIUS:

## WITH A COLLECTION OF GOOD MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

BELIEVE me, CURIUS, though I am on the verge of being that deſpicable creature called an *old maid!* I am not quite as cold as a virgin in lead, nor ſo much of an antiquarian as you think me. I have ſomething elſe to do, than to pore over muſty books, or mouldering monuments; to ſend you thoſe inſcriptions from tombs, or relics of antiquity you deſire. But as you ſeemed pleaſed with my laſt remittance of this nature, and to convince you that I have not yet outlived that dear pleaſure of obliging my friends, I have, for your further entertainment, been making more extracts from STOW's Survey of London, which you tell me

is

is a book which you have never looked into; a declaration I do not wonder at, becauſe it is a *great book*; and *great books* are ſaid to be *great evils*, eſpecially to thoſe of your ſex, who are turning the rapid wheel of buſineſs, or to thoſe of my own, who are lulled in the languors of pleaſure. Folios, to ſuch perſons, have a moſt formidable appearance! and call for great reſolution of mind, to go through the arduous taſk of reading with patience. Beſides, your active powers are more charmed with the vigorous employments of HERCULES, or thoſe of the ingenious artificer DÆDALUS, than with the whinings of APOLLO, or the ſoft complainings of MELPOMENE. You inſinuate, the productions of our modern poets and writers are only fit to pleaſe love-ſick girls, or the ADONIS's or ZANIES of the age! and go on to ſay, that for energy of thought, or ſublimity of ſtyle, we muſt refer to the ancients in every ſpecies of literature. I ſhould be very ſorry to contradict any gentleman, (much leſs one of real learning) yet permit me to ſay, CURIUS, I cannot, in this reſpect, entirely coincide with you in opi-

nion; an opinion, I apprehend, that you have taken up rather from prejudice of modern writers, than from a proper inveſtigation of their merit, which is a fault I lately heard one of the greateſt men who adorns this preſent age fall into; for, ſpeaking of COWLEY's Davideus, the linguiſt condemned the poet; when, at the ſame time, he acknowledged, that he had never read but two lines of his works; the harmony of which not ſtriking upon his ear, (who was a very accurate judge in the Oriental languages) would not let reflection operate on his judgment. Being overawed by the preſence of my ſuperiors, I did not preſume to take upon me the juſtification of COWLEY's ſenſe, the ſtrength and beauty of his metaphors, nor the chaſtity and candour of his muſe. But my heart did him juſtice, though my tongue was mute in his praiſes. I think COWLEY was contemporary with OLIVER CROMWELL, but not being of the Oliverian party, his fame was eclipſed, it not being the faſhion to admire his writings; and as his fortune was but moderate, though the riches of his mind were tranſcendent,

tranſcendent, the public reſtrained that plaudit to his merit, which probably would have been loudly and warmly paid, had the moraliſt baſked in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity. Too often

" An unfortunate man is viewed,
" Through the dim ſhade his fate caſts o'er him:
" A ſhade, that ſpreads its evening darkneſs o'er
" His brighteſt virtues, while it ſhews his foibles,
" Crowding and obvious as the midnight ſtars,
" Which, in the ſunſhine of proſperity,
" Never had been deſcried."———

For the ſerenade of applauſe generally tunes her notes to fortune; and when her precarious wheel turns in our favour, it often brings into conſpicuous light thoſe cold neglected virtues, which before could never be ſeen to attract admiration, though perhaps more ſtrongly exerciſed in adverſe circumſtances. But notwithſtanding I admire Cowley, I am far from thinking him an harmonious, a tuneful bard: But his flights of fancy were certainly ſtrong, though his wit was of a mixed nature; and ſenſe ſhould be eſteemed *ſenſe*, if it does not jingle into rhyme, and well-turned periods. Since you

are ſo fond of ancient poetry and diction, I will give you one relict of it here, from your new country acquaintance *.

"GOWER, the poet, contemporary with King RICHARD the Second, ſpeaks of that king going in a barge upon the river Thames, when the poet alſo was in a boat; whom the king ſeeing, called into his own barge, and commanded him to write upon ſome ſubject, that he might entertain himſelf with reading his poetry. GOWER gave the following ſpecimen of his abilities, in obedience to the king's command, in the following lines:

As it befylle upon a tyde,
As thynge whych ſhuide tho' betyde,
Under the town of New *Troya*,
Whyche toke of *Brute* hys fyrſte joye,
On Themſe when it was flowende,
As I by bote came roende;
So as fortune hir tyme ſette,
My lyege lorde perchance I mette;
And ſo befelle, as I came nygh,
Out of my bote whan he me ſygh,
He bade me come into his barge;
And whan I was with hym at large,

* STOW, book the firſt, page 46.

Amonges

Amonges other thynges ſeyd,
He hath ſoch charge upon me liyd," &c. &c.

To this ſpecimen of ancient poetry, I have, in the incloſed ſelection of monumental inſcriptions, added ſeveral other from STOW's Survey of London, which you may obſerve are taken from churches in the metropolis. Compare theſe with our modern bards, and then ceaſe to depreciate the latter.

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## EPITAPH ON A GARDENER,

IN

HENBURY CHURCH-YARD, near BRISTOL.

POMONA's treaſure's gone, her glory fled,
And FLORA's beauty loſt; ſince thou art dead,
The flow'rs, the trees, and plants all fading ſtand,
Which us'd to flouriſh by thy ſkilful hand:
'Twas by thy ſkilful hand, they us'd to bring
Treaſures of autumn, pleaſures of the ſpring.
Alas! that neither plant, nor flow'r, nor tree,
Could thee reprieve, ſo oft repriev'd by thee.

IN THE

## ABBEY CHURCH, AT BATH.

SARAH, second daughter of General HENRY FIELDING,
Whose writings will be known
As incentives to virtue, and honour to her sex,
When this marble shall be dust.

Her unaffected manners, candid mind;
Her heart benevolent, and soul resign'd,
Were more her praise, than all she knew or thought,
Tho' Athens wisdom to her sex she taught.

The Rev. Dr. JOHN HOADLEY, her friend,
For the honour of the dead, and the emulation of the living,
Inscribes this deficient memorial,
Of her virtues and accomplishments.

---

AN INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

## COLONEL SELWYN.

WHEN death at random throws his ebon dart,
He wounds a friend's, perhaps a lover's, heart;
This day unwept a slothful prelate fell;
The mitre fits another's brow as well;
Commons and nobles undistinguish'd fall,
And unconcern'd their heirs succeed them all;
But, when the *fury* lays a SELWYN low,
Fair *virtue* weeps, for *virtue* feels the blow.

AN

AN

## EPITAPH IN ST. HELEN'S BISHOPSGATE.

BY A SURVIVING PARENT, ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN.

SILENT grave, to thee I truſt
These precious piles of lovely duſt;
Keep them ſafely, ſacred tomb,
Till a father aſks for room.

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INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF

## MR. LAWRENCE CALDWELL, AND MARY HIS WIFE,

IN ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL,

UPON THE FIGURE OF A TOMB.

(As it were, a ſcroll held by an angel.)

HERE is lodg'd a loving pair,
Sleeping reſt, they free from care;
Though their journey, from their birth,
Had been tedious long on earth.
He that freed them from their ſin,
Brought them to this peaceful inn,
Joyful requiems for to ſing,
Hallelujahs to their king,
Till the ſummons, till the day,
Till the triumph ſound,—Riſe away.

ANO-

## ANOTHER.

—O! bleſſed ages, when
Men parted fortunes,—and not fortunes men!
'Tis gratitude preſents unto thy hearſe,
My tears for balm,—for offering my ſad verſe.
Give leave then grief,—let my drown'd muſe declare,
Of all heaven's bleſſings, thou the deareſt were!

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Here lies the body of
BEN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER.
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And ſtript of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work ſhall not be loſt;
But it ſhall, as he believed,
Once more appear,
In a new and beautiful edition,
Corrected and reviſed by the
AUTHOR.

AN

AN

# EPITAPH

ON

## DR. GOLDSMITH.

IF to amuſe, at once, and teach the age;
If with new light t' illume th' hiſtoric page;
If with the comic ſcene to touch the heart,
And felt inſtruction with a ſmile impart;
Theſe to poſſeſs with pureſt manners, join'd
With an extenſive, penetrating mind;
If theſe are virtues good men value moſt,
And if ſuch virtues, too untimely loſt!
Demand the tender tear from pitying eyes,
Ye gen'rous ſhed, ſhed them here where GOLDSMITH lies.

LYSANDER.

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## ANOTHER.

BY THE SAME.

[NEVER PRINTED.]

YE lovers, robb'd of all your ſouls held dear;
Ye maidens, ſorrowing for your lovers true;
Ye orphans, weeping o'er your father's bier,
Now mourn for him,—who beſt could mourn for you.
For here he lies, who knew in tender ſtrains,
To pour the artleſs, th' elegiac lay,
To lull your ſorrows, and to ſooth your pains,
Here lies the gen'rous, ſympathetic GRAY.

HERE

HERE reſts emboſom'd, by our common parent,
All that mortality could claim of
GEORGE CAMPION;
(Late of DERBY)
Who, by the hand of fate, was ſtruck down
In the full vigour of life's career;
Fell pitied, lov'd, lamented,
The 10th of November, 1774,
At the too early age of twenty-four.
READER,
If from thy labouring breaſt ere burſt
Commiſerations ſigh;
If in thine eye the quivering tear
Ere ſpoke the throbbing heart,
Here let the boſom heave,
Here ſhed the ſympathetic drop;
For here, alas! the froſt of death has nipt
The faireſt bloſſom of a generous mind,
Whoſe worſt exuberances
Were but luxuriant benevolence,
Shot from the warmth of pure philanthropy:
But 'twas the will of heaven,
The fruit now ripens in celeſtial ſuns,
The vital principle
Now mixes with congenial ſpirits,
Bleſt in the preſence of eternal bliſs.
(The meed) of virtuous actions.

SACRED

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrss DOROTHEA DIAS,

DEA FARIA,

St. PANCRAS,

WHO WAS UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN THE FIFTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

SOFT as the balm the gentle gales diſtils!
Sweet as the fragrancy of new-mown hills!
Her op'ning mind a thouſand charms reveal'd,
Proof of thoſe thouſands which were yet conceal'd.
The lovelieſt flower in nature's garden plac'd!
Permitted juſt to bloom, and pluck'd in haſte.
Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
And call'd, by God's command, their ſiſter home.

---

## St. ANTHOLINE's CHURCH.

HERE lyeth, graven under this ſtone,
Thomas Knowles, both fleſh and bone;
Grocer and alderman years forty;
Sheriff, and twice maior truly.
And for he ſhould not lye alone,
Here lyeth with him his good wife Joan:
They were together ſixty yeare,
And nineteen children they had in feere.

## ON THE DEATH OF
## DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
### JANUARY 20, 1779.

WHY tolls that ſolemn knell, whoſe awful ſound
Reverb'rates echoing horrors all around?
'Tis GARRICK's mandate!—Grief can add no more,
But ſilent, drooping, doth his loſs deplore.
Pathetic recollection lend thine aid,
To pay due tribute to his hallow'd ſhade;
Call forth each wond'rous power by him poſſeſt,
Which agitated oft the human breaſt:
But vain the taſk,—ſuch num'rous beauties riſe
On each reflection, that with ſtreaming eyes
Great nature ſpeaks!—Speaks with prophetic pain,
"We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again."

CAMILLA.

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## AN EXTEMPORE,
### RELATIVE TO THE DEBATE ON BURYING LORD CHATHAM'S CORPS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, OR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

CHATHAM, whoſe much-lamented fall
Saint PETER claims, and eke Saint PAUL,
Conteſting whether of the twain,
Should have his reliques that remain.
Saint PAUL a convert was; ſo he,
In this with CHATHAM did agree,
Saint PETER ſhould not be bereaven,
As he has got the keys of heaven.

THE

THE FOLLOWING WAS INTENDED FOR

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S MONUMENT.

BY

## POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night,
God ſaid, *Let* NEWTON *be*,—and all was light.
Approach ye wiſe of ſoul, with awe divine,
'Tis NEWTON's name that conſecrates this ſhrine:
That ſon of knowledge, whoſe meridian ray,
Kindled the gloom of nature into day:
That ſoul of ſcience,—that unbounded mind!
That genius which exalted human kind!
Confeſt ſupreme of men!—his country's pride,
And half eſteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
Who, in the eye of heav'n, like ENOCH ſtood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God;
Who made his fame—a ſea without a ſhore,
*And but forſook* this world to know the laws of more;
More than his name were leſs; t'would ſeem to fear,
He who increas'd heav'ns fame, ſhould want it here.
Yet when the ſun's he lighted up ſhall fade,
And all the worlds he found are firſt decay'd;
Then void and waſte eternity ſhall lie,
And Time and NEWTON's name together die.

After

After ſuch great names as NEWTON who deſerved, and POPE who wrote the above lines, I will not preſume to add another monumental inſcription. But if you would wiſh to compare ancient and modern poetry of this ſpecies, be it remembered, I have tranſcribed epitaphs till I am in idea among the dead, to gratify the curioſity of a living friend: Therefore expect no more from your penſive

PHILANTHEA.

FINIS.